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THE BURNING OF BAZEILLES.

One of the most horrible incidents of the war in France was the burning of the village of Bazeilles, represented in the accompanying illustration. Exaggerated and distorted narratives of this lamentable affair have appeared in the letters of war correspondents; but the statement of an English gentleman who was actually in the village the day it was burned, and saw the Bavarian soldiers setting fire to the houses, relieves it of its worst horrors, and makes it apparent that there was no intention to take the lives of non-combatants. The French soldiers had defended their position in the village, and clung to every house and bit of wood. The Bavarians were so close upon them that some of them were cut off and left in Bazeilles. Here they remained concealed in the houses while the Bavarians passed through. It was only about eleven o'clock that they were discovered. The village was then on fire in several places, and the fire had reached a large house at the corner of two streets. Suddenly from the windows of this house was opened a sharp fire, and the men of the small Bavarian force in the place began to fall fast. The little garrison in the house refused to surrender. The Bavarians fired in vain; and through the closed shutters straw was heaped against the doors and lighted, but the wind blew steadily back, and left the front of the house untouched; and from the cellars and the ground-floor in front the French still kept up their fire. At last their officer fell, mortally wounded, from the window. He was picked up and brought in by the Germans, and soon afterward the remnant of the little force surrendered. There were 200 men of the marines in the house. Their commander would not hear of a surrender, and only forty came out at last unhurt. In other houses other small bands were found. Some of the inhabitants, not soldiers, even women, fired on the Bavarians. This English gentleman saw them taken with the arms in their hands. The men, but not the women, he was assured, would be hanged next day. It is said, however, that other people, who had taken refuge in the cellars, unknown to the German soldiers, were unfortunately stifled by the smoke of the burning houses. But there is no substantial evidence of the enormous act of cruelty that has been alleged. Bazeilles was rather more than a large village—almost a town, of 2000 or 3000 inhabitants, with a church and a mairie. The greater part of its population had fled into Belgium. The church, and all the houses in the place, are destroyed.

BURNING OF THE VILLAGE OF BAZEILLES.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1870.

THE NATIONAL INTEREST IN THE NEW YORK ELECTION.

THE election in New York has this interest for the country, that, if Mr. HOFFMAN should be re-elected Governor, he would be the Presidential candidate of the Tammany managers. It is useful for the country, therefore, to know something of the chief illustration of his political character and career. He has been Mayor of the city and Governor of the State. As Mayor of the city, his most memorable act was a proclamation at once denying and protecting the electoral frauds, which were not reported only, but known, and by means of which Mr. HOFFMAN was elected Governor. His most conspicuous act as Governor is the signing of the Erie bill, an outrage so flagrant that it has convicted him, in the minds of all intelligent citizens of his own State who are familiar with the facts, either of total incapacity or of utter want of principle. Stung by the consciousness that this great iniquity justly threatens its perpetrator with political destruction, the shrewder Democratic organs are busily endeavoring to divert attention from their candidate by slander of General WOODFORD. But the less wary, like the *World*, actually attempt a defense which is so absurd as to be merely a confession of judgment. Indeed, the full enormity of Governor HOFFMAN'S conduct was never made more conspicuous than by the ludicrous apology of the *World*.

The facts of the case are simple. Certain notorious persons, among whom are the political inventors of Mr. HOFFMAN, became managers of the Erie Railroad. They presently made an issue of several millions of new stock, the illegality of which proceeding was admitted by their successful application to the next Legislature to legalize it. Having thus for the time mastered the road, they applied to the Legislature to alter the charter, so as to deprive the stockholders of the right to elect a full Board of Directors annually, and enable the Board—as well as that of certain other roads—to divide itself into classes, of which only one-fifth should be chosen annually, thus giving the chief managers a control of the road for three or four years, notwithstanding every effort of the stockholders, who had elected them for one year only. The bill was passed in May, 1869, to take effect immediately, and its words are:

> "The Board of Directors in each of the said companies may so classify the members of such Board, by lot or otherwise, that, as nearly as may be, one-fifth of their number shall go out of office at each annual election; and at the next election of directors, in each of said companies, directors shall be voted for only in place of those whose terms shall then expire in the classification aforesaid."

This was the bill. If the Governor signed it, and it became law, all redress for the stockholders was hopeless; because the managers, who by the executive signature would prove that they owned a governor, were already known to own judges and lawyers. The very occasion, therefore, for which the great veto power is given to the Governor had arisen. He was morally and officially bound to interfere for the defense of the rights of honest citizens, imperiled by ignorance or fraudulent intention. That the Governor fully understood the enormity of the bill is plain from his long hesitation in signing it. He retained it nearly a fortnight. But the power that made him could unmake him; and with the feeblest effort at justification of an act which, if honorable and proper, needed no more justification than his signature of any other bill, he signed the bill depriving honest citizens of the control of their own property, and giving it to persons whose reputation was notorious.

The expression of public opinion upon the subject was instant and most emphatic. Leading papers had forcibly called the Governor's attention to the enormity of the bill while he was still hesitating to sign it. Even the *World*—a Democratic paper in this city, which constantly informs us that Mr. HOFFMAN is a great "statesman"—speaking of the bill some months afterward, said that if a man owned the whole stock of the Erie Railroad he could no more obtain control of it before it was ruined than if it ran among the mountains of the moon. It declared that the Erie bill "organized that monstrous injustice," and added: "The Erie bill is simply indefensible—it was not even defended by the independent Democratic press of the counties when severely attacked by the Republican press as bearing Governor HOFFMAN'S signature." And when a proposition was made, in the last Democratic Legislature, to repeal the bill, the *World* said:

> "If the attempt now making to repeal the knavish act passed last spring to keep Messrs. GOULD, FISK, TWEED, and LANE in office as Directors of the Erie Railway Company four years beyond the period for which they are elected should succeed in both branches of the Legislature, we suppose there can be no doubt that Governor HOFFMAN will sign the repealing bill. *If there is any thing he ought to covet, it is an opportunity to rectify the mistake he made in approving that piece of knavery, and making it a law. When he signed the bill it was with a formal apology. He will need no apology for signing a repeal.*"

This expressed the universal sentiment. There has been but one opinion among honest men in the State of Governor HOFFMAN'S conduct in signing the bill. But the same *World*, which is now as subservient as Governor HOFFMAN himself to the persons for whose purposes the Erie bill was signed, has recently attempted a defense of the bill which it has already denounced as indefensible and knavish. It says, in the first place, that this is the only offense alleged against the public conduct of Mr. HOFFMAN, which is not true; for his proclamation as Mayor, protecting the electoral frauds, and his appointment of judges under the new constitutional provision, equally expose him to the censure and suspicion of honorable men. But if it were true, what is the argument? To say that the Governor must be spotless if this is the only charge against him is like replying, when a man is accused of an enormous theft, "Very well, what then? He never stole any thing else, and is therefore presumptively an honest man." It says, in the second place, that a Republican Legislature passed the bill, and therefore the Republicans are equally guilty with the Governor. This does not follow, because the scope of a bill may be dextrously concealed by those who consult times and seasons to slip it through the forms of legislation. Moreover, legislators may be absent, may be inattentive, may not understand the case.

But in the worst aspect, supposing that the Republican majority was bribed to vote for what the *World* calls a "knavish," "indefensible," "monstrous" bill, what is the substance of its reply to the charge that the Governor betrayed his trust? It is simply, "Very well, other officers betrayed their trust." If the Republican Legislature passed a monstrous and knavish bill, it was the duty of the Governor to veto it. The veto was given him for that very purpose. But, of course, the Governor can not veto a bill, however infamous, until it is passed by the Legislature; and yet Governor HOFFMAN, with incredible folly, actually pleaded the fact that this bill was passed, as a reason for not vetoing it. He said, "No serious opposition was made to it in either House." Why not? Because it was not understood. But it was his duty to understand it. "The stockholders on the several roads have not presented objections." Why not? Because they did not understand it. When they did—but let the *World* tell us about it. "In excusing his signature to the Erie bill he noted the absence of protests, which since have been numerous enough to indicate that general sentiment," etc. Does the Governor mean to say that he will sign any knavish, indefensible, monstrous bill, if there is no protest against it? He does not seem to know that he is himself put there to protest against legislative knavery, and to make his protest effective.

Then it is alleged that the principle of the Erie bill is that of the provision in the United States Constitution for the classification and retirement of Senators. What has that to do with this case? The Senators of the United States were elected with full and universal knowledge of that provision. But the Erie bill, as will be seen by reference to its text, which we have already quoted, empowers the Board of Directors, already elected for one year, to classify themselves, and the act takes effect immediately. The moment that the Governor signed the bill, the existing Board had the authority to classify themselves. There is no possible parallel between the cases. The *World* itself can not think so; or does it think that the provision in the Constitution of the United States for the classification of Senators is "knavish," "monstrous," and "indefensible?"

This is all that can be said by the most vehement denouncer of this bill, when hard party necessity constrains it to defend what it calls "indefensible." It is, of course, the deliberate surrender by that journal of any claim to regard for its opinions. It can no longer expect the confidence or respect of the honest and intelligent, even of its own party. It stands henceforward self-convicted as an unscrupulous party hack, and it can justify its ludicrous inconsistency, which ruins its influence, only by pleading an ignorance which covers it with contempt as a public journal. But that is of very small importance compared with the fact of this alarming betrayal of the highest public trust by the Democratic Governor of New York. The great and threatening peril of our politics is the increasing power of the vast moneyed corporations, of which the control is often sought and obtained by the most unprincipled men. When their money and their power enable them to buy and to intimidate legislatures, courts, and governors, their despotism is absolute, and the people are wholly in their hands. The progress of this fatal tendency is nowhere so evident as in the State of New York, where, according to the *World*, there are "rings" and cliques controlling enormous wealth, and of unscrupulous purpose, who "put up judges in our courts to sell injustice for a price." But when it is evident that the chief magistrate of the State also—the man who sits where JOHN JAY and CLINTON sat—is the mere creature of such a Ring, there is no hope for the honest people but in a vote of disapproval at the polls so decided that it can not be overcome by the naturalization frauds which, as Mayor, the Governor protected, nor by the repeating organized by the men whom he served in signing the Erie bill, and whom his advocate, the *World*, describes as shameless corruptionists of the Ring.

Yet if these persons should succeed, by the same frauds, in making their instrument again Governor of New York, we shall hear from the *World* that the "statesman" who approves what it calls "knavery," and makes "monstrous" and "indefensible" bills law, is the most fitting of all candidates for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency.

SLANDERS OF GENERAL WOODFORD.

IN order, as we have said, to divert attention from the official record of the Erie iniquity, and of Governor HOFFMAN'S complicity in what the *World* calls knavery, two charges have been made against General WOODFORD.

The first is that when he was the presiding officer of the Senate of New York General WOODFORD received a bribe of $5000 from the French Cable Company for aiding it to get a charter. This charge was immediately answered by Mr. C. C. LEIGH, the Temperance candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, who says that he was the person who obtained the charter and a subsequent amendment from the Legislature, and that Lieutenant-Governor WOODFORD not only did not assist him, but was opposed to the scheme. Mr. LEIGH states that no money was spent in procuring the charter or the amendment. The confutation of the slander was certainly unnecessary, but it is conclusive.

The second charge is that when General WOODFORD was Assistant District Attorney he received a bribe of $2000 to have the slaver *Augusta* bonded at a low rate, in the interest of the slave-trader. This report is said by a Ring orator to come from ex-Marshal MURRAY, who is said to have received the statement from the slave-trader himself. That is to say, we are asked to believe against a gentleman of hitherto spotless reputation an ignominious charge, said by a political opponent to be founded upon something said to have been said by a convicted slave-trader! It is simply ludicrous; and General WOODFORD treats it as any honorable man would in saying that if his opponent, Mr. HOFFMAN, upon an examination of these or of any charges, will consent to attempt to prove them, he will show that they are false.

These accusations, like the hopeless defense of Governor HOFFMAN'S signature of the Erie bill, spring from the frantic endeavor of Democratic partisans to hide their candidate from the public scorn with which his chief official act is regarded.

BISMARCK'S MASTER.

THEY who suppose that the hope of BISMARCK, like that of the first NAPOLEON, is to subdue Europe, are curiously forgetful of the entirely changed condition of the Continent and of the new forces that control affairs. He is undoubtedly a Tory, but a modern Tory. To expect of him what might be hoped of VICTOR HUGO, for instance, if he were in his place, is not very wise; but, on the other hand, to suppose him as inflexible as METTERNICH is equally vain. BISMARCK anticipated a war, and was ready for it. When the Empire fell at Sedan, if France had proposed peace, BISMARCK would not have refused, and he would have demanded ample security against future aggressions. This was felt by France, and, therefore, the new authorities not only did not propose terms of peace, but declared that the Republic was war to the knife. Germany came to Paris. Then the new authorities asked for an interview, and demanded what terms would be offered. The reply was, "Ample security against future aggression." The details were thought too hard, and the war was not stayed.

The French authorities insist that BISMARCK wishes to reduce France to a second-rate power. But his whole career shows that he accepts the modern principle of nationalities, which is merely a form of saying that every nationality should be united under its own government. BISMARCK'S aim has been the unity of Germany, but he has not hitherto sought extension by conquest. No nation has a right to quarrel with the chief German state for wishing to unite all the German states into a great nation. This policy, indeed, has been bitterly opposed in France, and by no one so strongly as by M. THIERS, who declared it to be the true French policy to keep Germany divided. Nor can any nation justly complain that the victor in the present war wishes to make such utterly wanton attacks as that of France more difficult, if not impracticable, hereafter, provided that the measures of defense are not such as would necessarily occasion renewed war.

It is incorrect, therefore, to assert that Germany, under BISMARCK, shows a spirit which is menacing to the peace of Europe. Undoubtedly Germany reveals an immense force, superbly trained, but it is not yet misdirected. And what really is that force? It is certainly not that of FREDERICK the Great, which was merely brutal and military. But the force of Germany, the secret of the serene national uprising to resist France, and the force which controls the general policy of BISMARCK, even if he directs it upon special occasion, is that intelligent public spirit which is the chief element in free popular government. The democratic form, as DE TOCQUEVILLE remarked long ago, may exist without the democratic spirit, and it makes the worst of despotisms. He thought that to be the condition of France. We see it to be that of the city of New York. There is the form of popular government in this city; but not that intelligent spirit of liberty which prevents the total corruption of the form. The city of New York under the rule of Tammany Hall is what France was under LOUIS NAPOLEON. It is a despotism with democratic forms; and a despotism made possible by ignorance and demoralization.

In Germany, however, while the popular form is wanting, the true popular spirit exists; and an unjust policy in the government would encounter a moral hostility which it would not be easy to resist. It is the want of this spirit which makes the duration of the republic in France seem to be so uncertain; and, on the other hand, its presence would be the surest guarantee of the stability of a German republic. The debt of liberty and of free institutions to France is not very great, but to Germany it is incalculable. It is thought that emancipates, and Germany has done a great deal of thinking for the modern world. BISMARCK formally denies that he wishes the reduction of France to a second-rate power. Nor would any of the great European states desire it. Germany is restrained by something that France has never felt, either under the BOURBONS or the BONAPARTES—an enlightened public opinion—and to that we confidently look for a sagacious settlement of the war.

TEMPORAL ROME.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING, one of the most reactionary of the Roman Catholic clergy, and a strenuous supporter of the papal infallibility, has recently preached a sermon in London, in which he warned England by the fate of Rome, and prophesied a direful day of reckoning. He is reported also to have made the extraordinary statement that the fate of Rome was the fate of Christianity and of civil order, and that Rome was now in the hands of a mob. The inference was that Christianity is in peril because the Pope has lost his temporal power.

It is very natural that the fate of Rome, as a Church, should seem to a Romanist the fate of Christianity, because every sectarian confounds religion with his sect. But why the wretched misgovernment of a little state, by a bishop of any Church, should seem to any body essential to religion, it is not easy to perceive.

Among all civilized people there is scarcely to be found such ignorance and superstition, such poverty and degradation, as exist in the Papal States; and among all the events growing out of the war, none is more significant and hopeful than the resignation of Cardinal ANTONELLI, the Pope's Minister. It is a sign that he sees the end of his supremacy, and that the great wave of modern impulse has at last reached and lifted the most stagnant surface. If Rome were Christianity, who that knew Rome under GREGORY the Sixteenth, or the heavy hand of ANTONELLI, but must have sighed to think that Christianity was identical with ignorance and wretchedness?

Nobody pretends, probably even Archbishop MANNING would not assert, that the people of Rome were at an equal level of civilization with their neighbors or the better part of Europe. It is not supposed that they yielded voluntarily to the Papal rule. They have voted with virtual unanimity to cast it off. Even those who trained their children for the Church gnashed their teeth in impotent rage at the ecclesiastical government, and made priests of their children because it was useless to resist the priestly authority. A curse seemed to rest upon the whole region. Art, literature, science, thought, progress, civilization, surely expired. No great step in human improvement, no electric word for humanity, no mortal blow at ancient superstition, no relief from suffering, no inspiration of faith and hope, came from Rome. The Papal States have been a blot upon modern civilization; and all that Rome has contributed to the most Christian, because the most religiously free of all epochs, is a protest against intellectual and moral progress, and a curse upon the liberty of the human soul, in the declaration of the dogma of infallibility.

Archbishop MANNING warned England that the revolutionary feeling in Europe was spreading, and would yet take Great Britain by the throat. But the only peril in a revolutionary movement is popular ignorance, and nothing has so fostered ignorance as the ecclesiastical spirit which the Archbishop defends. The ignorance and inhumanity that sprang up armed and relentless men, in the old French Revolution, were seed sown by aristocratic and priestly rule. A man of education and apparent enlightenment, like Archbishop MANNING, destroys all confidence in his judgment and respect for his opinion when he confounds Chris-

tianity and religion with the political authority of a bishop. How much wiser is Archbishop Purcell, of Ohio, who said, upon returning from the Œcumenical Council, "I believe it would have been a happy thing for the Church if kings had never pretended to be her protectors...... All we want is a free field and no favor. Truth is mighty and will prevail. We are here, side by side, with every sect and denomination of Christians. It is for the people to judge which of us is right, which of us teaches that which is most conformable to the Holy Scriptures. Then if they approve our religion, let them embrace it; if not, reject."

This is sounder doctrine than that of Archbishop Manning, whose words sound like a voice of the futile despair which Cardinal Antonelli doubtless feels.

PRIVATE GLIMPSES OF PUBLIC MEN.

The private correspondence of Louis Napoleon has fallen into the hands of the new Government in France, and the question is suggested, How much of it ought to be revealed? Has an emperor lost the privileges of other men altogether? While state secrets and plots injurious to the public welfare may very properly be exposed, ought his personal intrigues to be published? The question is akin to that suggested a few years since by Mr. Parton's article upon Daniel Webster. Mr. Parton stated plainly that, upon more than one occasion, when Mr. Webster addressed the public, he was overpowered by wine. There was an indignant protest from some persons that it was an unpardonable indignity to publish such a fact, that the public was interested in the great qualities, and not in the little faults of Mr. Webster, and that a decorous sensibility would have veiled his lapses in silence.

Then decorous sensibility would have been a very poor historian. What we really wish to know about great men more than of any other is the truth. If William Pitt often saw two Speakers instead of one, there is no harm in saying so, however painful it may be. If Dr. Franklin was a man of loose conduct, why should decorous sensibility represent him as a passionless sage? If Washington lost his temper at Monmouth, and swore roundly, why should decorous sensibility skip the oath? Whatever is necessary to show the man as he really was it is essential that the historian should record. Mr. Sparks once corrected the grammar of some of Washington's letters. It was kindly, but surely unwisely done. And it is precisely that kind of polishing and trimming which made Fielding say that the difference between novels and history is that in the novel every thing is true except the names and dates, and in history nothing else.

In the case of Louis Napoleon every thing which is essential to a true knowledge of the man may properly be published. There is no good reason that Frenchmen should suppose him to have been a religious man if he were not so; nor a truthful man if he told lies; nor a learned man if he were ignorant; nor a continent man if he were unchaste. Many a public evil-doer has been exonerated upon the ground of his private personal virtues. But if a ruler who has caused countless homes to be ruined and faithful hearts to be broken, to gratify his miserable lust of personal power, is also an ignorant, superstitious, cowardly, debauched man, may the privileges of his private rights be justly pleaded to save him from the exposure of the truth? We do not say that Louis Napoleon was such a man. But if the evidence which proves it should be discovered, it should certainly be made public. It should be no more concealed than the general moral tone of his court. We are all profoundly interested in knowing whether great public virtues may exist in the same person with great private vices; and whether a man who can not govern himself can wisely govern an empire.

THE VOICE OF A GERMAN REPUBLICAN.

The Prussian republican leader Jacoby has been arrested for a speech lately delivered by him at Königsberg, in which he said what appears to be distasteful to the German Government, but what is certainly very true. In speaking of the demand for the absorption of Alsace and Lorraine as old German provinces which Germany may very properly retake, he begged his hearers not to be deluded; the demand, he declared, was only the old right of the cannon, of brute force, in a new dress. Have Alsace and Lorraine no people? he asked; may the victor decide their fate according to his own caprice? They are essentially French, he insisted, and it would be inhuman to endeavor to incorporate them with any German state. "Let us," said Jacoby, "firmly maintain the principles of right as much in political as in private life; let us proclaim that any annexation of foreign territory against the will of the inhabitants is a violation of the right of the free disposition of peoples. Without allowing ourselves to be troubled by the momentary intoxication of victory, let us protest against any violence which may be done to the people of Alsace and Lorraine. Those only who respect the liberties of others are themselves worthy of liberty."

Wiser words could not be spoken. They describe a statesmanship which would make the war a blessing, and give Germany the leadership of Europe. The value of the highest principle is yet to be illustrated in state craft, but there is no doubt whatever of its expediency; and if, as we prefer not to believe, Germany should make the cardinal mistake of forcible annexation by right of conquest, she must take the responsibility of the future war which Bismarck seems to regard as inevitable. If there is to be a peace and not a truce between the two countries, it must be founded upon mutual respect. France defeated, dismembered, humiliated, is necessarily an implacable foe. Annexation by conquest will be but a provocation and justification for reannexation by conquest. And if a statesman like Bismarck is unable to see that brute force can settle no state question except by the total destruction of opposition, we must patiently await the day of the greater statesman like Jacoby.

It will be observed that in the speech of the German republican there is no rant. In the phrase of Artemus Ward, Jacoby, like Washington, does not "slop over." He states calmly and forcibly the central truth of the situation, and we must regard his arrest, if really occasioned by this speech, as is alleged without contradiction, as a very serious mistake of the German Government, and an unpleasant sign of its probable intentions in settling the terms of peace. It will be deplorable if the sympathy of the world, which has attended Germany from the beginning of the war, and which has thus far most justly followed its campaign, should be alienated by its interpretation of the right of conquest. If Alsace and Lorraine wish to be united to Germany, let them say so. If they do not, to seize them and hold them against their will is to begin endless war.

MASSACHUSETTS REPUBLICANS AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

The Massachusetts Republican Convention was apparently unanimous upon every point but that of suffrage for women. It renominated Governor Claflin and his associates, who have served the State so well, and it expressed itself plainly upon the duty of the party. The resolutions cordially approve the Administration; but while they declare the natural pride of Massachusetts in having one of her citizens at the head of the Treasury, they delicately condemn his policy by suggesting that the burden of the debt should be shared a little with the future, and that taxation should be further reduced. This, indeed, is a measure universally demanded by the party, and one that will be undoubtedly adopted.

The resolutions further declare the party pledged to continued interest in the new citizens, and to take care that education is secured to them. This resolution comes very properly from Mr. Hoar, the chairman of the committee, who, in his place in the House of Representatives, made a powerful and admirable speech upon the intimate relation of education and republican freedom. The Convention also asserted that the Republican party is distinctively the labor party, demanded a prompt and vigorous settlement of the *Alabama* question, and favored "laws wisely calculated to prevent tippling and drunkenness, and promote temperance and industry"—a truly sound and conservative resolution!

But Mrs. Livermore and Mrs. Lucy Stone, and Mr. Slack and Mr. Robinson, and other gentlemen, moved and pleaded in vain for the woman-suffrage resolution. The committee declined to act upon it, and reported it back to the Convention for its pleasure. The Convention did not feel that it had yet become a question upon which the party was unanimous or prepared to speak, and so declined to declare itself. Mrs. Livermore urged that the movement be adopted by the Republican party, to which it naturally belonged, and that its friends should not be driven to the Democracy. But surely nothing could so show the utter hopelessness of the leaders of the movement as an appeal to a party which has no sympathy whatever with political progress or reform. Do they expect the party of caste, of ignorance, of hostility to races and colors, to be sincerely friendly to so vast and radical a reform as that involved in woman suffrage? Even if the Democratic Convention should pass the resolution which the Republican rejected, and the small woman-suffrage vote should hold the balance of power so as to secure the success of the Democratic party, does any thoughtful advocate of woman suffrage think that the cause would be nearer its triumph?

The great body of the friends of all rational progress in this country are in the Republican party, and no special good cause can gain, in the present condition of affairs, by the destruction of that party. As Talleyrand said that every body knows more than any body, so now the general national welfare is more important than any particular cause. The temperance reformers, the labor reformers, the revenue reformers, the suffrage reformers, should think long and well before they connive at the overthrow of the great organization of whose action they are all sure, as fast as public opinion ripens, and without the support of that opinion success is impossible.

The success of such movements in the Republican party is organic development, but in the Democratic party it is a trick or an expedient. The Republican party always and wisely declares a little less than it believes in its own direction. It is even better than its word.

Democratic blandishment should inspire in all friends of intelligent progress the most ancient of fears—that of the Greeks bringing gifts. And this not because parties, as such, are more than organizations for specific purposes, but because, as a fact, the moral and political intelligence of the country is at present in the Republican and not in the Democratic party.

THE USUAL THREAT.

The organ of the Tammany Ring in New York says that the law of Congress to secure honest elections in that city is "calculated to stir the people to resentment," and it very plainly suggests a riot and mob violence as a remedy against a law which makes illegal voting difficult. This is an illustration of the spirit and methods of its party. In 1861, when some of its chief leaders were dissatisfied with the result of an election, they tried to destroy the government by force of arms. In 1870, when the leaders dread the result of an honest election, they declare the dishonest voters to be the people, and indirectly counsel them to go armed to the polls.

It is for the intelligent and truly conservative voters of New York and of the country to decide whether a party which incessantly appeals and threatens to appeal to arms is a party that may be safely trusted with the government of the state and the nation. It was so long the party of the slave-drivers, and so used to brute force as its only argument, that it does not know that, among free and intelligent people, threats are the poorest campaign appeals.

AN UNSAVORY FEAST.

The New York *Times* is doing noble service in its trenchant attacks upon the Tammany Ring—a service which is in the interest of every honest voter in the State and the country. The perilous power of the Ring is seen in nothing more clearly than in its total subjugation of the *World*, which is effectively and conclusively exposed by the *Times*. Last winter when the *World* declared what it ludicrously called "war to the knife" against the Ring, there were many persons who believed that it had sufficient character and regard for the public welfare to persist in its warfare, and that there were honest Democrats enough to support it. The Ring, however, has not only silenced the opposition of the *World*, but it compels it to eat its own words in public every day; and the *Times* vigorously takes care that the moral of that feast shall not be lost upon the spectators.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE STATE OF AFFAIRS IN FRANCE.

Paris is now entirely isolated from the rest of France by the encircling lines of Prussian batteries, and balloons furnish the only means by which the beleaguered inhabitants can communicate with the world outside. The most recent ascension was that of M. Gambetta, who left Paris on the 7th inst. The balloon was accompanied, at the beginning of its voyage, by one containing two gentlemen of New York, who took this means of leaving the besieged city. They confirm the statements of the determined spirit of the people of Paris. The representatives of foreign nations still remaining in Paris had recently held a meeting at the Papal Nuncio's to consider the position in which they were placed by Count Bismarck's refusal to permit their dispatches to be transmitted without being opened, which condition the diplomatists have unanimously refused to submit to. This determination is to be communicated to Count Bismarck; and, should he persist, they will be compelled to suspend all communication with their respective governments. M. Gambetta's journey was attended with several hair-breadth escapes, his balloon having descended two or three times in close proximity to the Prussians.

The following proclamation was issued on the 9th inst., by M. Gambetta, at Tours:

"By the order of the republican government I have left Paris to transmit to you the hopes of the Parisians and others of those who are seeking to deliver France from foreigners. Paris, invested for seventeen days, presents the spectacle of two million men forgetting their differences to withstand the invader, who expected civil discord.

"The revolution found Paris without guns or arms of any kind. Four hundred thousand of the National Guard are now armed, and one hundred thousand Mobiles and sixty thousand regulars are assembled. The foundries are casting cannon. The women make a million cartridges daily. Each battalion of Nationals has two mitrailleuses and field-pieces, and is prepared for sorties. The forts are manned by the marines, and are supplied with artillery of the greatest excellence, and served by gunners the first in the world. Hitherto their fire has kept the enemy from erecting the smallest work. The *enceinte* on the 4th had only five hundred cannon; now it has three thousand eight hundred, with four hundred rounds for each. Every defense has its men at their posts. The Nationals drill constantly. Behind the *enceinte* is the third line of defense—the barricades—which are adapted to the genius of the Parisians. This has all been achieved calmly and orderly, amidst general patriotism. The impregnability of Paris is no illusion. It can not be captured or surprised, and there is no danger of sedition or starvation, which the Prussians have been counting on."

The siege-guns were in position about Paris on the 8th inst., and it was believed that the bombardment would commence on the 16th, the anniversary of the battle of Leipsic. General Burnside, whom the Prussians permitted to enter Paris with dispatches for M. Jules Favre and Mr. Washburne, reports that the people are calm, and the appearance of the city much as usual. The Paris correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* writes that the city is good for a six months' siege. It is said that the invaders' cannonade will be preceded by a formal summons to surrender the city. The English people and press are still trying to move the government to act on the question of mediation, but the ministry as yet do not manifest the slightest disposition to move.

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Times*, a military gentleman who has seen much active service, gives it as his opinion that the Prussians can enter Paris on the first serious assault. Nothing, he says, in the way of stone-walls can withstand Krupp's guns at the range at which they can be placed by recent Prussian advances. The people are preparing for the threatened bombardment by placing bags of earth in their windows. The books from the principal libraries have been removed to cellars. Watchmen are stationed in the towers of Notre Dame to look out for fires.

Great hopes are entertained of the new armies forming in the south of France. It is said that they will number nearly 600,000 men.

Garibaldi reached Tours on the 8th instant. His presence created great excitement. He made a short speech to the Francs-Tireurs, in which he said that he should meet them on the battle-field to rid France of the invaders.

Minor engagements are reported from several parts of France, with varying success. The cannon captured at Strasbourg are now in position against Metz. The garrison make daily sorties, in which they are driven back with loss. A battle is reported to have been fought near Château-Gaillaird on the 4th inst., in which the Germans were worsted, and compelled, in consequence, to evacuate Pithiviers with precipitation, leaving large numbers of cattle and much forage in the hands of the French. Two regiments of the army of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin were defeated, on the 4th, before Soissons, by the Gardes Mobiles of the Department of Aisne, garrisoning Soissons. On the 7th inst. the Prussians opened fire on Neu-Breisach, one of the strongest fortified towns in Eastern France.

A Strasbourg correspondent writes that one-third of the city has been laid waste by the bombardment, that the Cathedral can be easily restored, and that the museum, theatre, university, library, and the military buildings are in ruins. Strangers have begun to arrive, and are permitted to enter the city, and trade is beginning to revive. The German garrison is 10,000, who are billeted upon the people.

The prisoners in Belgium, fugitives from the northern battle-fields of France, who have been held at Beverloo, have shown symptoms of revolt, and the Belgian Rifles have been sent there to preserve order.

At Lyons military precautions are being taken in anticipation of the Prussian advance into the south of France. The heights have been fortified, and are garrisoned by regular troops.

It is asserted that the documents found in the imperial archives prove conclusively that the French people were opposed to war. This is regarded as important, as furnishing an answer to Bismarck's main argument for harsh conditions.

An Ostend dispatch says that the latest story from Berlin is that Prince Gortschakoff signed a secret treaty with Count Von Bismarck against France in July, Prussia engaging to menace Austria, while Russia seizes Constantinople. The statement is not credited, and its publication is thought to be a sign of alarm at Berlin concerning the designs of Russia, and an attempt to pacify the popular mind in Germany.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

It is conceded that the plan for taking the vote in Rome on the question of Italian unity was fair and impartial. All classes except the priests and their associates voted. A correspondent testifies to the spontaneous rejoicing of the Romans on thus ratifying their liberation. The progress of the revolution in the city is marked by the gradual changing of the names of streets, and the disappearance of the papal arms from public buildings. The Jesuits are reported to be leaving the city; but there is now but little doubt that the Pope will accept the situation, and remain under the protection of the Italian government. General Cadorna's address at the first session of the Junta favored the greatest consideration and veneration toward the head of the Catholic Church and the clerical body, and guarantees for the exercise of the supreme spiritual power. The Pope has been attended by an Italian guard, at his own request, and has expressed a desire to bless the troops in the great square of St. Peter's. A monument is to be erected to those who fell in 1867 and 1870 in the enterprises for the liberation of Rome, and commemorative tablets to those who died in exile or on the scaffold in the cause of liberty.

The Belgian bishops protest against the recent events at Rome.

More assassinations of foreigners in China are reported. Troops are also said to be collecting between Pekin and Tien-tsin.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A proclamation was issued by the President of the United States, on the 8th instant, more strictly defining American neutrality, and warning the vessels of the belligerents against hostile demonstrations in American waters.

The census shows that St. Louis is the fourth city of the Union in population. It has doubled since 1864, when it was 157,058.

The corner-stone of the Harvard Memorial Hall was laid October 6. The fund subscribed for the construction of the building now amounts to upward of $262,000.

Miss Etta E. Barston, a school-teacher, of Canton, Massachusetts, died recently from the effects of an assault made upon her with stones by four of her pupils. The young ruffians have been arrested.

Reports from Canada state that all is quiet at Fort Garry, and that Governor Archibald is gaining the good-will of all classes of people there.

Mr. John Savage has issued the address of the Council of the Fenian Brotherhood adopted a short time ago. In it the union of the Fenian factions is announced, and the condition of Ireland is reviewed. From the recent democratic demonstrations in England it is believed that the working-men of that country will go hand in hand with the Irish for liberty.

At a conference held October 8 at Salt Lake City, Brigham Young resigned his position as Trustee of the Mormon Church, with the view to have a younger man appointed to succeed him. He said he was getting old, and wanted to travel among the Saints, and did not wish to be harassed with the vexatious lawsuits now threatened by apostates. He was furious against the courts. He was determined to resist every encroachment, and would destroy and burn every thing if need be rather than submit to persecution.

Five citizens of Columbus, Kentucky, had a "difficulty" a short time since, which they proceeded to settle in a free fight. One of them was killed on the spot, and the other four received fatal injuries. The fight was desperate, and lasted only three minutes.

General Woods, at Fort Wallace, has been ordered to the Middle Park, Colorado, the scene of late Indian troubles, to ascertain the facts, and see whether troops are necessary for the protection of that region. A large force of mounted Indians appeared near Bijou Trade Station, forty-five miles east of Denver, a short time ago, but showed no signs of hostility.

John Jourdan, Superintendent of the New York Police Department, died in this city on the 10th inst. He was an excellent executive officer, and was greatly respected by all who knew him.

Fitzhugh Ludlow, an American magazine writer of great talent and versatility, died on the 12th ult., at Geneva, at the early age of thirty-four. He had gone abroad only a few weeks previously for the benefit of his health.

Some business men at Springfield, Massachusetts, have made an arrangement to break up a combination of ice-dealers in that city by following the example of New York, and going into the business themselves.

THE FLOOD IN VIRGINIA.

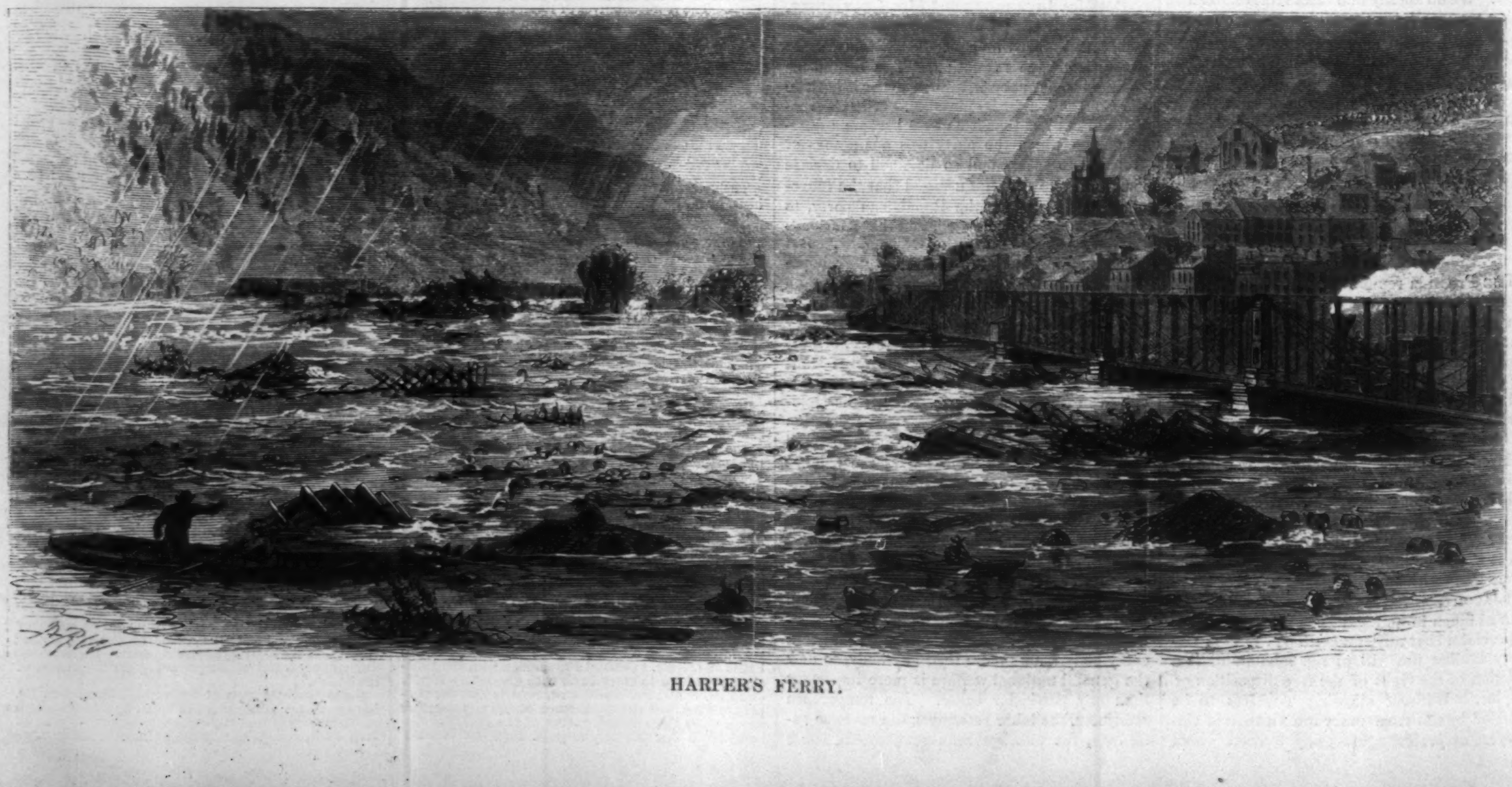
THE BREAK IN THE LONG BRIDGE ACROSS THE POTOMAC AT WASHINGTON.

INUNDATION OF RICHMOND.—[From a Photograph by C. R. Rees and Co., Richmond.]

The flood that recently swept over Virginia was the most destructive ever known in that State. At Lynchburg the James River rose twenty-two feet, submerging most of the town in its muddy waters, and giving it the appearance of a city rising from a lake. At Washington about 500 feet of the causeway of the Long Bridge was entirely swept away, and both spans nearest the south draw were broken.

At Harper's Ferry and Richmond the flood was equally destructive. Several streets of the latter city were submerged, as shown in our illustration, which is engraved from a photograph courteously sent us by Messrs. C. R. Rees & Co., of Richmond. The view was taken from the St. Charles Hotel, and represents the flood on Main Street, where the water stood from four to five feet deep.

Many lives were lost at different places where the rivers rose suddenly in the night, and swept away houses before the inmates had time to escape. At Harper's Ferry alone the number of victims was over fifty, and the total loss of life must reach nearly two hundred.



HARPER'S FERRY.

Travel and Adventure,

PREPARED
EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

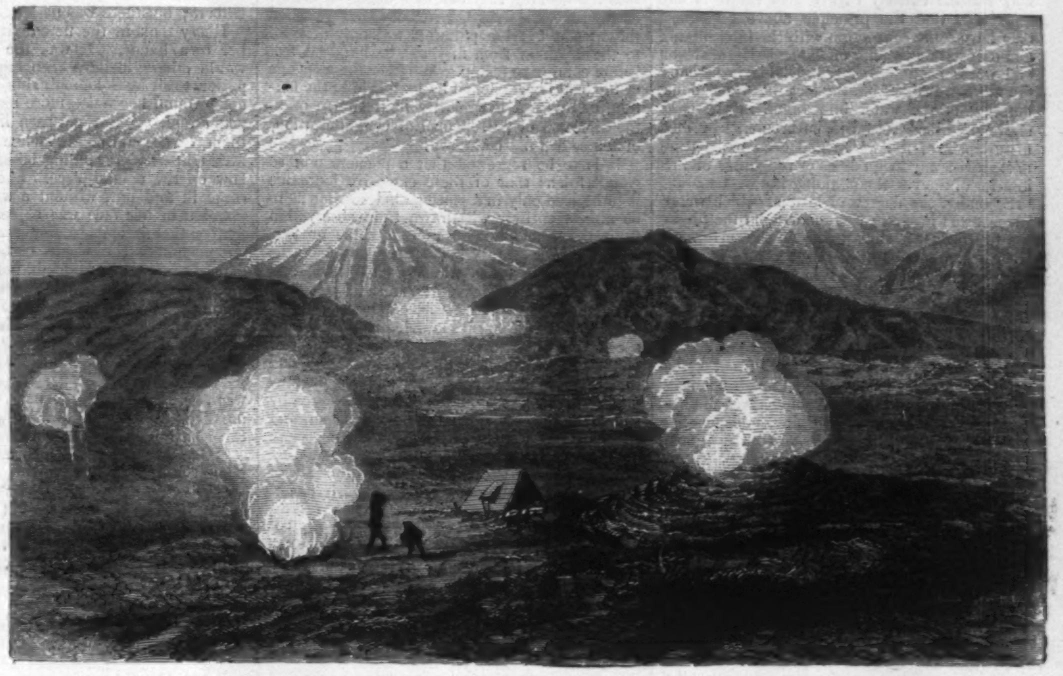
A JOURNEY THROUGH ICELAND.

CHAPTER IV.

Approaching the Plain of the Geysers.—Its General Appearance.—Provoking Eruptions.—Theories and Facts in Regard to the Geysers.—The Great Strokr.

As the traveler approaches what is called the Plain of the Geysers—the region in which these blasts and explosions of hot water and steam are most abundant, and manifest themselves on the largest scale—the country grows more wild and rough, the crevices and fissures from which steam and sulphureous vapors and odors are emitted become more numerous, and every thing indicates the increasing violence of the internal heat, or at least its nearer approach to the surface of the ground. The country is almost entirely uninhabited, though travelers speak of one turf-covered hut, which they reach in approaching the plain, where a peasant, who serves as a local guide, resides with his family. A more lonely and dreary home for the abode of a human household can scarcely be conceived.

A guide well acquainted with the locality is very necessary in traversing this region, on account not only of the numerous chasms and pitfalls which abound in it, but also of the sulphureous and suffocating fumes which are emitted in certain spots, and which do not, like the vapor of water, make themselves perceptible from a distance to the eye, nor audible like a jet of steam. For steam, in consequence of its rapid condensation in coming in contact with the external air, emits a hissing or roaring sound; or, if it comes forth in sudden bursts, produces a series of detonations and explosions which warn the traveler of his danger.



PLAIN OF THE GEYSERS.

These sulphureous emanations are alleged by geologists to be derived from the decomposition by heat of a certain mineral called pyrites, which is a compound of sulphur and iron, as is denoted by its chemical name—*sulphuret of iron*. Sulphur, when pure, and also in many of its combinations, is indued with the remarkable property of *sublimation*—that is, the capability of being volatilized directly from the solid state, and afterward condensed again from the gaseous to the solid condition, assuming when thus condensed either the form of crystals or of an impalpable powder called the flowers of sulphur. In consequence of this property, great quantities of this substance in the form of vapor are emitted from volcances, and, being condensed again around the margin of the crater, form deposits which accumulate in the course of ages to a vast amount. A large portion of the sulphur of commerce is derived from deposits of this kind in the volcanic regions of Etna and Vesuvius, in Sicily and Italy.

The iron pyrites, from which sulphur is sometimes supposed to be derived, is widely diffused throughout the earth—disseminated generally, where it occurs, in small crystals which tend usually to a cubical form; and, as in color and general appearance it bears a certain resemblance to gold, people unskilled in mineralogy are often deceived by it—so much so that it has obtained the name of *fools' gold*. Almost every professor of chemistry in our colleges, and every State geologist or assayer, is continually receiving specimens of this mineral, sent in from the country to be analyzed, under the impression that it is gold. The character of the mineral can, however, at any time be easily determined by the stroke of a light hammer. Gold, being malleable, would be flattened by this treatment, but the pyrites is extremely brittle, and will fly to pieces under quite a gentle blow.

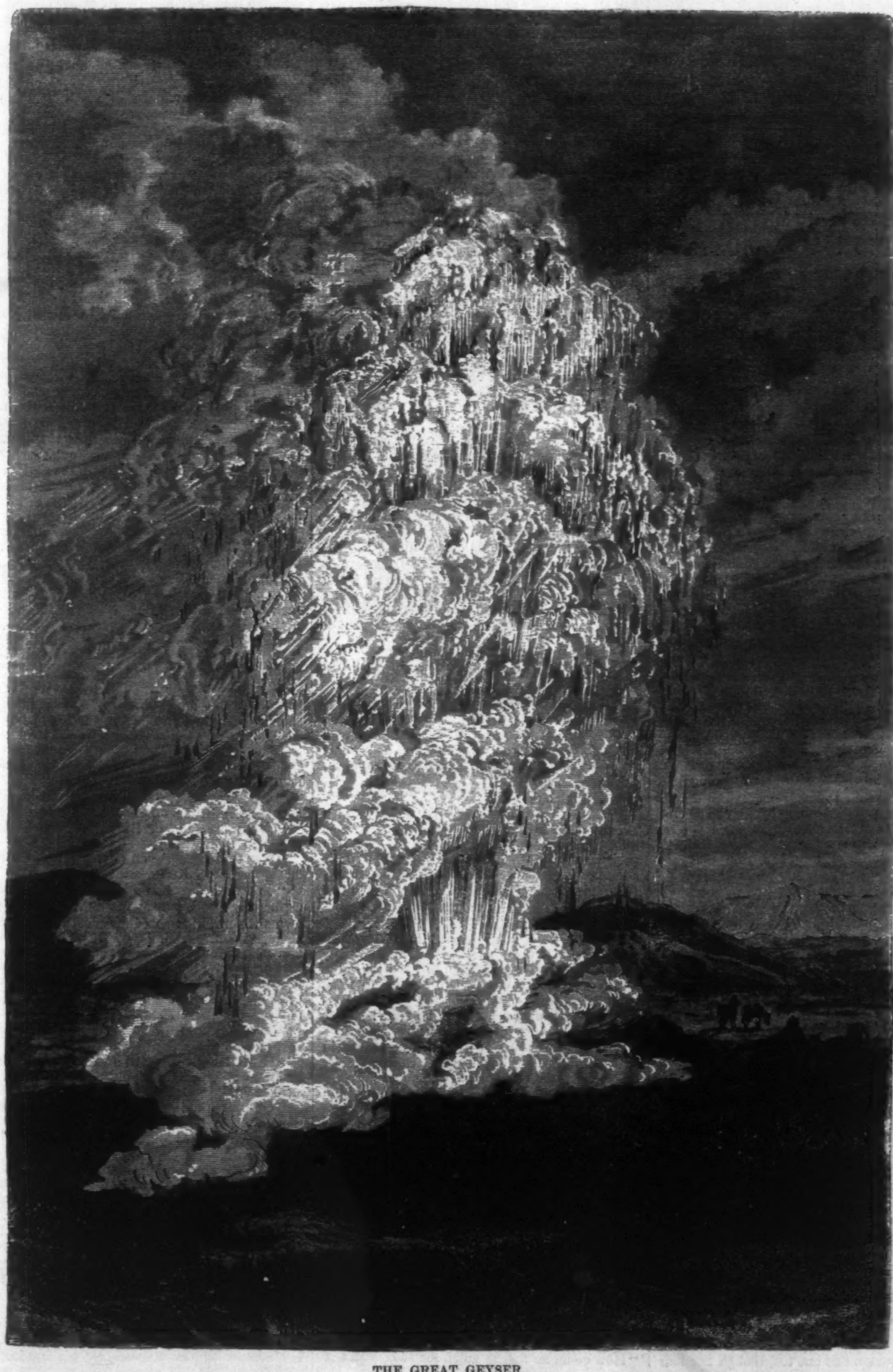
There is a third substance, besides the vapors of water and of sulphur, which is brought up from the interior by these volcanic ejections, and that is a silicious mineral which is dissolved by the water under the influence of the great heat below, and then is deposited again around the margin of the opening through which the water issues. The engraving showing a portion of the Plain of the Geysers gives an idea of the character and appearance of these deposits, which form a kind of mound around the orifice through which the water issues like the curb of a well.

The engraving also shows the tent of the traveler pitched upon the plain; for whoever attempts to explore these wonders has no shelter except such as he takes with him on the back of a pony. One of the figures represents the traveler in the act of throwing a heavy stone into an opening, while his guide is bringing another to be thrown in in its turn, with a view of provoking explosions.

For it is a remarkable, and in some respects a mysterious fact, that the ejections of water and of steam from these craters are intermittent, taking place sometimes at considerable intervals, and what is more remarkable still, they can often be excited by throwing a heavy stone or a clod into the opening. This last peculiarity—which was probably discovered by the very first visitors to the Geysers, through the curious propensity which seems to impel every one, grave and gay alike, when they see a hole or chasm or abyss of any kind, to throw the nearest stone into it—was long considered very wonderful and mysterious, as, indeed, were many other things connected with these extraordinary phenomena. The explosive bursts which followed the throwing of the stone seemed like the expression of life and passion, as if there were a monster within, who resented the entrance of the missile as an attack from an enemy, and the explosion which ensued was the expression of his wrath and defiance.

A great many theories have been advanced, and a great many speculations offered, in respect to the cause of the intermittent and irregular action of these springs. The tendency of most of the springs is to remain quiet for a time, or at least only to boil and fume with moderate violence, and then, after intervals varying in length, either spontaneously or from the stimulus mysteriously imparted by some shock given to them from without, to burst into a violent explosion, by which, in the largest of them, a column of water several feet in diameter is thrown one or two hundred feet into the air. The explanation of such a phenomenon must be in a great measure conjectural, but there are some scientific considerations connected with it which may involve the elements of an explanation, and, at any rate, which it may be useful and interesting to the reader to understand.

First, then, there is a mysterious connection between the presence of air in water and the manner in which the process of ebullition goes on when the water is heated to the boiling point. It is found that when all the air which, under ordinary circumstances, is combined with water is exhausted from it, the water may be heated somewhat above the boiling point without boiling, and then it tends to burst into sudden and great developments of steam. In other words, it boils continuously and quietly while it contains air, but when it is deprived of air the ebullition takes place in a series of sudden evolutions of masses of vapor, which have to some extent the character and effect of explosions. Now, as we may easily suppose that the wa-



THE GREAT GEYSER.

ter, at great depths among the volcanic strata, may become entirely deprived of air, it is not impossible that the principle above explained may have some connection with the intermittent and explosive character of the emission of steam and water from the geysers. This is perhaps the more probable from the fact that the sudden bursting of the water into vapor, in the case above described, seems to be promoted by any disturbance of the water, and even to be connected with any inequalities or roughness of the interior of the vessel containing it.

Secondly, the degree of heat at which water is converted into steam depends upon the pressure to which it is subjected. At the surface of the earth, where the ordinary pressure is about fifteen pounds to the square inch, it boils at 212° Fahrenheit. But upon the top of a mountain, where the pressure is less, it boils at a much lower temperature. At the bottom of a deep mine, where the pressure is greater, it would of course require a higher temperature to boil it. So true is this that there is an actual though not very great difference in the degree of heat required to boil a tea-kettle in a farmer's kitchen, depending upon the difference in the pressure of the atmosphere, as indicated by the barometer, on different days.

Now the pressure bearing upon the lower portion of a column of water in a crevice or cavity in the rocks, extending some hundreds or thousands of feet into the interior of the earth, is enormous, and it would consequently require a very intense heat to boil water under it. It was said that Jacob Perkins, in the experiments that he made many years ago with his steam-gun, subjected water to such a pressure that he could make it red-hot without allowing it to boil. It would be easy for a person conversant with the subject to calculate the depth below the surface of the earth at which the pressure would be sufficient to enable water to endure that temperature and still remain liquid.

The pressure upon the lower portions of a column of water a thousand or fifteen hundred feet in length—a distance to which it would not be at all extraordinary for crevices and fissures in the crust of the earth to extend—though the force of it might easily be expressed in figures, would be really so great as entirely to transcend all human powers of conception; and water subjected to such pressure would endure a prodigious intensity of heat before it would be converted into steam. If, now, we suppose that a portion of water, while subjected to that heat and pressure, were suddenly transferred to the surface of the earth, where the pressure would be at once reduced to the rate of fifteen pounds to the square inch, it would instantaneously burst into steam with all the force of the most violent explosion.

Such a sudden transfer from so great a depth to the surface would be impossible; but we may easily suppose that the lower portion of the column might be slowly forced upward by steam formed in small quantities at a still greater depth below it, until it reaches a level where the pressure would be so far relieved as to allow a portion of it to flash off into steam, and to throw up the column of water sufficiently to produce such an explosive jet at the surface as is witnessed in the case of the geysers. The water in the well of the geyser would, of course, after the force which lifted it was spent, sink back again to its former level, to be lifted again by another explosion in due time.

This is a process by which it seems that intermittent eruptions of this kind *might be* produced. Whether they are in reality thus produced remains yet to be ascertained.

Thirdly, a great many different schemes have been devised—ingenious but fanciful—for showing imaginary arrangements of channels and cavities in the rocks at a certain depth below the surface, so as to produce, by a combination of steam generators, air chambers, siphon tubes, and tortuous channels, which might be easily supposed to exist, and which, if they existed, might lead to the production of the phenomena in question. Of course these explanations are entirely conjectural; and, though it is well enough sometimes, when we can not determine how any given effect really is produced, to amuse ourselves with imagining modes by which it *might* be produced, we must not mistake such hypotheses for actual knowledge.

But, whatever we may make of the proposed explanations, there is no doubt that the Great Geyser of Iceland presents at the time of an eruption one of the most astonishing spectacles which nature any where exhibits. The orifice is surrounded by a mound of stone, which the water has itself formed, fifty to sixty feet in diameter, and twenty feet high. The centre forms a well ten feet in diameter, through which, in the ordinary state of the Geyser, the water, hot but not boiling, rises quietly, and thence flows in a gentle stream over the margin of the mound. Every thing continues, sometimes for many hours, in this state, until at length a rumbling noise is heard deep under ground, followed by several subterranean explosions. The water in the well begins to boil furiously, and at length, in a succession of bursts more and more violent, it rises higher and higher into the air, until the roaring and steaming column finally attains an altitude of from fifty to two hundred feet, according to the violence of the paroxysm. The water thus issuing being nearly at the boiling point, the whole mass soon envelops itself in a cloud of steam which shuts the column of water almost entirely from view. The discharge continues for about five minutes, after which the Geyser returns to its normal condition of tranquillity.

The Great Geyser, so called, is not so easily excited to an eruption by throwing stones into it as another one situated at a few hundred feet distant from it, called the Great Strokr, from an Icelandic word signifying *churn*. The eruptions from the Great Strokr take place spontaneously two or three times a day; but by throwing stones into the opening they can be brought on almost at any time. Attempts have been made to sound these wells, but the plummet will only descend to the depth of from fifty to one hundred feet before coming to a stop. Whether the stoppage of the lead is occasioned by its reaching the bottom, or by some irregularity in the form or in the direction of the channel of communication, of course can not be known.

It is to be regretted that a phenomenon so wonderful as that of these explosive fountains is to be seen only in a place so inaccessible as to be almost entirely withdrawn from observation from the whole human race. Three or four travelers in a century make their way over the rough volcanic rocks which guard them, and bring back to us their reports, and their pictorial representation of the scene. They can, however, do but little to give an adequate idea of the spectacle the scene presents to an eye-witness, and still less can they explain the nature and the operation of the cause by which the effect is produced. There is no doubt that the force by which the water is ejected is that of steam, and that this steam comes from the water deposited on the surface in rain, and thence percolating through fissures and crevices and porous strata till it reaches the incandescent, or nearly incandescent, regions below. But in what precise manner the explosive force thus produced is led to manifest itself in this special and very peculiar mode of action is a mystery yet unexplained.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A SIGH.

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Since tears will never bring thee back,
Why should I weep?
I would not any moan of mine
Should break thy sleep.

Thou didst bring heaven round thee here,
In this sad place;
'Tis heaven still with memories
Of thy dear face.

Sleep, sleep, my darling. By thy side
I will not stir,
More than the bird that broods and dreams
Deep in the fir—

The bird that dreams of fluttering joy
Full soon her own,
Nor sees the shadow at her feet
Whose joy has flown.

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

AN UNEXPECTED GUEST.

Six days had come and gone since her lover's departure from Gethin, but no tidings of him had reached Harry's ears. Solomon had returned on the second day, and been closeted with her father for some hours, doubtless in consultation about Richard; but not a word had been spoken of him, in her presence, by either. She dared not mention him to her father, and still less could she apply for information to his rival, her now affianced bridegroom. How much, or how little, her father had disclosed concerning him to Sol she did not know; but the latter had evidently closed with the terms which she had in her late strait accepted on her own part. The bans had been put up in the church upon the hill, and in a month she would be this man's wife. She had been congratulated upon the coming event by all the neighbors. Some had slyly hinted—little guessing the pain they gave to that sore heart—at her late "goings-on" with that young gentleman-painter; they had almost suspected at one time that he would have supplanted her old flame; but they were glad to see matters as they were. Solomon was a steady, sagacious man, as every body knew, and would get on in the world; and what he gained he would not waste in foolish ways. Such an old friend of her father's, too. Nothing could be more fitting and satisfactory in all respects. Solomon, notoriously a laggard in love, was likened to the tortoise, who had won the race against the hare.

To have to listen to all this well-meant twaddle was misery indeed. Perhaps, upon the whole, good honest dullness does unknowingly inflict more grievous wounds than the barbed satiric tongue.

To think, to picture to herself the condition of her lover—deplorable, she was convinced, from the grim satisfaction upon Solomon's face when he first came back—was torture. She could not read, for her mind fled from the page, like breath from a mirror; there was nothing for it but occupation. She busied herself as she had never done before with the affairs of the house, which afforded some excuse for escaping from Sol's attentions, naturally grown somewhat pressing, now that his wedded happiness was drawing so near. The *Gethin Castle* was not, however, very full of guests. It had been wet for a few days, and rain spoils the harvest of the inn-keeper even more than that of the farmer. One night, when it was pouring heavily, and such a windfall as a new tourist was not to have been expected by the most sanguine Boniface, a lady arrived, alone, and took up her quarters in the very room that Richard had vacated. Trevethick himself was at the door when she had driven up and asked with some apparent anxiety whether she could be accommodated. She was wrapped up, and thickly veiled, but he had observed to his daughter what a well-spoken woman she was, and an uncommon fine one too, though her hair was gray. She had inquired whether there were any letters waiting for her, addressed to Mrs. Gilbert; but there was no letter.

Harry took in the new arrival's supper with her own hands. It was the time when she would otherwise have been expected in the bar parlor, to sit by Solomon's side, and feel his arm creep round her waist, more hateful than a serpent's fold. A fire had been lit in the sitting-room, on account of the inclement weather, and Mrs. Gilbert was standing beside it with her elbow on the mantel-piece. She watched Harry come in and out, without a word, but the expression of her face was so searching and attentive that it embarrassed her. Under other circumstances she would certainly have delegated her duties to Hannah, but to evade Solomon's society she would have waited on the Sphinx. She brought in each article one at a time, and when there was nothing more to bring inquired deferentially whether there was any thing else that she could do for the lady.

"Yes," said Mrs. Gilbert, gravely; the voice was soft, but the manner most earnest and impressive. "I want five minutes' talk with you; can I have it secure from interruption?"

"Certainly, madam," answered Harry, trembling, she knew not why.

"Close the door, girl. Come nearer, and away from the window; we must not be overheard."

Harry was constitutionally timid, and it struck her that this poor lady was not in her right mind. She hesitated. The other seemed to read her thoughts.

"I am not mad, child," said she, sorrowfully, "though I have trouble enough to make me so. You are the daughter of the landlord of this inn, I think?"

"Yes, madam."

"And I am the mother of Richard Yorke."

She was standing in the same position, and had spoken coldly and as sternly as such a voice as hers could speak, when something in the young girl's face caused her whole manner to change. With a sudden impulse she turned toward her, and held out both her arms; and Harry threw herself into them with a passionate cry, and sobbed as though her heart would break.

"Hush! hush!" whispered the other, tenderly; "we must not weep now, but act!"

But the girl still sobbed on, without lifting up her face. Tears had been strangers to her heated eyes for days, and she had longed in vain for one sympathizing breast on which to lay her head. "I have been his ruin," she murmured; "but for me he would never have done wrong. How you, who are his mother, must hate me!"

"No, Harry, no!" answered the other, putting aside those rich brown locks, and gazing upon the fair shut face attentively. "I do not wonder at his loving you; for such beauty as yours many a man would lose his soul! I did hate you until now. But you love my Richard truly, as I see; and we two can not afford to be enemies. We must work together for his good to avert the ruin of which you speak, for it is imminent. He has sent me to you, for he can not come himself. He is in prison, Harry!"

"In prison! O Heaven, have mercy!"

She sank down on her knees, and covered her face with her hands.

"Yes, Harry, think of it. Our Richard, so bright, so dear, within prison walls! He may pass his life there for what he has done for your sake, unless you help him."

"Help him? I would die for him!"

"Calm yourself. Sit down. To grieve is selfish where one can do better; when all is lost it is time enough for that. All *will* be lost a fortnight hence, unless we bestir ourselves. Hush! I hear a step in the passage. Who is that?"

"It is Sol, madam—Solomon Coe."

"The man you are to marry, is it not?"

A stifled groan was the girl's reply.

"I can not speak what I have to say here," said the other, thoughtfully. "Is there no other place? Stay. I can be ill—overfatigued with my journey—and you will come and tend me in my own room presently. That can be managed, can't it?"

"Yes, madam, yes."

"Then wipe your eyes—be a brave girl. Think of Richard, and not of yourself—think of him, when yonder boor is clasping the hand that once rested in his—think of him, when those alien lips press yours at parting, and be strong! If I were in your place, he would find that I had not deserted him in his trouble."

"Desert him, madam? I? Oh, never!"

"To be weak is to desert him, girl—to let yonder man and your father suspect that any friend of Richard's is beneath this roof is to desert him—to weep when there is need to work is to desert him. Did I not tell you I was his own mother; and yet *I* shed no tears! Look up, and learn your lesson from me."

The faces of the two women were indeed in strong contrast—the younger, yielding, feeble, despairing; the elder, calm, patient of purpose, and inflexible. Her cheeks were plump, and radiant with health; her form erect and composed; her eyes, indeed, betrayed anxiety, but it was from want of confidence in the person she addressed, not in herself; the white hair seemed to fitly crown that figure, so full of earnestness and firmness.

"I will do my best," cried the young girl, "though I know I am but weak and foolish. Pity me, and pray for me. I am going to the torture, but I will be resolute. Tell Hannah—the servant-maid—that you wish me to attend you in your room. Send for me soon, for mercy's sake! How I long to know how I can help our Richard!"

As she left the room Mrs. Gilbert's face grew dark. "A fool! a dolt!" she muttered, angrily. "How could he risk so much for such a stake! Oh, Richard! Richard!"—her voice began to falter at that well-loved name—"was this to have been the end of all my hopes? What fatal issue, then, may not my fears have end in! my beautiful, bright boy! The only light my lonely life possessed! to think of you as like yourself, and then to think of you as you are now!" She looked around her on the sordid walls, the vulgar ornaments upon the mantel-piece, the wretched ill-chosen books; then listened to the splash of the rain in the unpaved street. "And this was Paradise, was it, my poor boy, because this girl dwelt in it! I ought to have known that there was danger here. His letters few and short and far between, his patient tarrying in so wild a place, should have been enough to warn me. But not of this; in no nightmare dream could I have conceived this unimaginable peril. Ah, me! ah, me!" She sat down at the untasted meal, and strove to eat. "I must be strong, for Richard's sake," she murmured. But she soon laid down her knife and fork to muse again. "This Trevethick is a hard, stern man, I see. There is no hope in his mercy. The only path of safety is that which the lawyer pointed out; but will this puling girl have the heart and head to tread it? Will she not faint, as she nearly did just now, and lose her wits when my Richard most requires them? And then, and then?" As if unable to continue such reflections, she rose and rang the bell, which Hannah answered.

"Bring me a bed-candle, girl; I will seek my room at once; and please ask Miss Trevethick to look in upon me before she retires herself, for I feel far from well."

"Yes, ma'am." Hannah thought within herself that the new arrival looked uncommon fresh and well considering her years, and that her young mistress had far more need of rest and "looking to" than she; but, nevertheless, she gave the message; and Harry, at her usual time for going to rest, repaired to the new-comer's room accordingly.

"Are they gone to bed, those men?" inquired Mrs. Gilbert, anxiously, as soon as the door was closed.

"No, madam; my father and Solomon always sit up together now till late."

"Ay; plotting against my boy, I doubt not. Well, let us, then, counterplot. Who sleeps on either side of this room?"

"No one, madam. Both rooms are empty at present; the last visitor, except yourself, left us this evening."

"And the servants?"

"They have retired long ago up stairs."

"That's well. Sit here, then, close to me, and listen. You know that Richard is in prison, placed there by your father and that other man on a false charge. They know as well as I or you that he had no intention of committing the crime of which he stands accused, and yet they both mean to swear the contrary."

"Oh, madam, they will surely not do that!"

"But I say 'Yes;' they want revenge upon him. I know them better than you, who have known them all your life; or perhaps you say they will not, because you hope so. Is it possible," she broke forth, impatiently, "that in such a strait as this, girl, you can encourage such delusions! You are like the fool in the Scripture, of whom it is written, that though thou shouldst bray him among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him."

"I know I am not like you, madam," answered Harry, piteously. "Richard has often told me how wise and brave you are; but yet my love for him is as great as yours can be. Whatever you think fit that I should do to help him, that shall be done. Trust me; it shall, indeed."

"That's well said, girl. Be you the hand, and I the head, then, of this enterprise, and we shall conquer yet. I say again, that if they could, these men would swear my Richard's life away. They might as well do that as what they mean to do, and deprive him of his liberty; cast him for years into prison, and herd with the worst and basest of mankind; to work under a task-master with irons on. Do you understand, girl, what it is to which, unless we can hinder them, these wretches would doom him?"

"Yes, yes, I do," she murmured, shuddering. "It is horrible, most horrible! God help us!"

"We must help ourselves," answered Mrs. Gilbert, sternly.

"Yet God is surely on our side, and for the truth, madam. If they swear falsely—"

"You must swear also," interrupted the other, angrily; "you must meet them with their own weapons, if you would defend the innocent against them. As it is, the law is with them, and will prove the instrument of their vengeance. The notes were found upon his person; he strove to change them, that he might pass their substitutes more easily. He counted upon your father not missing them from his strong-box until it was too late. The case is clear against him that he stole them."

"Great Heaven!" cried Harry, clasping her hands in agony; "and yet he did not mean to steal them."

"Of course not; nay more, he did *not* steal them, for *you gave them to him*."

"*I* gave them to him? Nay, I never did."

"You did—you did, girl; you acquiesced in his plan for obtaining your father's consent to your engagement; you undertook to supply him temporarily with the money requisite to establish his pretensions as a man of fortune. Or, if you did *not*"—and here her voice assumed an intense earnestness—"your Richard, the man you pretend to love, will be a convicted felon—a prisoner for all the summer of his life, and for the rest an outcast!"

Harry was silent; her hands were pressed to her forehead, as though to compel her fevered brain to think without distraction. "I see, I see," she murmured, presently; "his fate hangs

upon my word. 'So help me, God,' is what I have first to say, and then say *that!*"

"Why not?" rejoined the other, stoutly. "Will not these men, too, call God to witness what they know to be a lie? Will not *He* discern the motive that prompts *you*—desire to see a wronged man righted, the innocent set free—and the motive that prompts *them*—malicious hate? Or do you deem the all-seeing eye of Heaven is purblind? I tell you this, girl, if I were in *your* place, and the man I loved stood *justly* in such peril, I would swear a score such oaths to set him free! Yet here, with justice on your side and truth, and Heaven itself, you hesitate; you shrink from uttering a mere form of words, the spirit of which is contrary to the letter, and for conscience sake, forsooth, will let your lover perish! *Your* lover! yes, but you were never *his*, although he thinks so. I will go hence, and tell him that you refuse to speak the thing that alone can save him from life-long wretchedness; I will go and tell him that the girl for whose sake he has brought this load of ruin on himself will not so much as lift it with her little finger! You fair, foul devil, how I hate you!" She drew herself up to her full height, and regarded the wretched girl with such contemptuous scorn that even in her abject misery she felt its barb.

"I have not earned your hate," said Harry, with some degree of firmness, "if I have earned your scorn; nor is it meet that you should so despise me, because I fear to anger God."

"And man," added the other, with bitterness. "You fear your father's wrath far more than Heaven's."

That bolt went home: the unhappy girl did indeed stand in greater terror of her father than of the sin of perjury; and the idea of affirming upon oath what she had but a few days before so solemnly denied to him was filling her with consternation and dismay. Still the picture that had just been drawn of the ruin that would assuredly befall her Richard, unless she interposed to save him, had more vivid colors even than that of Trevethick's anger. Let him kill her, if he would, after the trial was over, but Richard should go free.

"I will do your bidding, madam," said she, suddenly, "though I perish, body and soul."

"You say that now, girl, and it's well and bravely said; but will you have strength to put your words to proof? When I am gone, and there are none but Richard's foes about you, will you resist their menaces, their arguments, their cajolements, and be true as steel?"

"I will, I will; I swear it," answered Harry, passionately; "they shall never turn me from it. But suppose they prevent me from leaving Gethin, from attending at the trial at all?"

"Well thought of!" answered Mrs. Gilbert, approvingly; "she has some wits, then, after all, this girl. As for their forbidding you to give evidence, however, Mr. Weasel, who is Richard's lawyer, will see to that. You will be subpœnaed as a witness for the defense. You will say, then, that it was you who opened the strong-box, and took out the notes, and gave them into Richard's hand."

"But how could I open the letter padlock?"

"Good, again!" answered the other; "you have asked the very question for which I have brought the answer. Now, listen! Have you access to your father's watch at times when he does not wear it?"

"Yes; he does not always put it on—never on the day he goes to market, for instance. He comes back late, you see."

"Just so; and sometimes, perhaps, not altogether sober. Very good. Now, you once opened that watch from curiosity, and saw a paper in its case with B N Z upon it. Those letters formed the secret by which the lock was opened. You tried it, just in fun at first, and found they did. Do you understand?"

"I do," said Harry.

"You will not forget, then, what you have to say; or shall I recapitulate it?"

"There is no need," groaned Harry. "I shall remember it forever, be sure of that, and on my death-bed most of all." With a wearied look on her wan face, and a heavy sigh, the young girl rose to go. "Good-night, madam. We need not speak of this again to-morrow, need we?"

"Surely not, child. My mission here is done. The rain is falling still, and that will be a sufficient excuse for my departure. I had a sick headache to-night—remember that—but it will be better after a night's sleep."

"Do you sleep?" asked Harry, simply. "Ah me, I would that *I* could sleep!"

"Of course I do. Is it not necessary for Richard's sake that I should be well and strong? I could weep all night and fast all day, if I let my foolish heart have its own will. It is easy enough to grieve at any time; one has only to think to do that. Sleep, child, sleep, and dream of him as he will be when you have set him free; then wake to work his freedom. I will tell him that you will do so. Press your lips to mine, that I may carry their sweet impress back to him. One moment more. Do not get your lesson by heart, lest they should doubt you; but hold by this one sentence, and never swerve from it: 'I gave Richard Yorke the notes with my own hand.' That is the key which can alone unlock his prison-door. Good-night, good-night."

CHAPTER XXVI.

MR. ROBERT BALFOUR.

AN author of sensitive organization has always a difficulty in treating the subject of prison life. If he avoids details, the critics do not ascribe it to delicacy, but to incompetence; if, on the other hand, he enters into them, they nudge the elbow of the public, and hint that this particular phase of human experience is his specialty—that he "ought to know," because he has been "through the mill" himself. This is not kind, of course; but the expression, "a little more than kin and less than kind," is exceedingly applicable to the critic in relation to his humble brother, the author. We will take a middle course, then, and exhibit only just so much of Cross Key as may be seen in a "justice's visit."

Twenty years ago, the system of treatment of prisoners before trial incarcerated in her Majesty's jails was not so uniform as it now is. In some they were permitted few privileges not enjoyed by the convicts themselves; in others a considerable difference was made between the two classes. The establishment at Cross Key leaned to the side of indulgence. Its inmates who were awaiting their trial were allowed to wear their own clothes; to write letters to their friends without supervision (though not without the suspicion of it on their own part); and to mingle together for some hours in a common room, where that unbroken silence which pervades all our modern Bastiles, and is perhaps their most terrible feature, was not insisted upon. In this common room Richard Yorke was sitting on the afternoon following his incarceration. The principal meal of the day had been just concluded, and himself and his fellow-guests were brooding moodily over their troubles. The platters, the block-tin knives, so rounded that the most determined self-destroyer could never job himself with them into Hades, and the metal mugs had been removed, and their places on the narrow deal table were occupied by a few periodicals of a somewhat depressing character, though "devoted to the cultivation of quiet cheerfulness," and by a leaden inkstand much too large to be swallowed. The prisoners—upon the ground, perhaps, of not needing the wings of liberty for any other purpose—were expected to furnish (from them) their own pens. There were but half a dozen of these unfortunates; all, with two exceptions, were of the same type—that of the ordinary agricultural criminal. Ignorant, slouching, dogged, they might have fired a rick, or killed a keeper, or even—sacrilegious but unthinking boors—have shot a great man's pheasant. They did not make use of their privileges of conversation beyond a muttered word or two, but stared stupidly at the pictures in the magazines, wondering (as well they might) at the benevolent faces of the landlords, clergymen, and all persons in authority therein portrayed, or perhaps not wondering at them at all, but rather pondering whether Bet and the children had gone into "the House" or not by this time, or whether the man in the big wig would be hard upon themselves next Wednesday three weeks.

One of these two exceptions was, of course, our hero, who looked, by contrast with these poor, simple malefactors, like a being from another world, a fallen angel, but with the evil forces of his new abode already gathering fast within him. His capacities for ill, indeed, were ten times theirs; and the dusky glow of his dark eyes evinced that they were at work, though they did but ineffectually reflect the hell of hate that was beginning to be lit within him. It flamed against the whole world of his fellow-creatures, so mad he was with pride and scorn and rage; his hand should be against every man henceforth, as theirs was now against him; his motto, like the *exeunt* exclamation of the mob in the play, should be: "Fire, burn, slay!" He was like a spoiled child who for the first time has received a severe punishment—for a wonder, not wholly deserved—and who wishes, in his vengeful passion, that all mankind might have one neck in common with his persecutor, that (forgetting he is no Hercules) his infant arms might throttle it off-hand. The love which he still felt for Harry and his mother, far from softening him toward others, rather increased his bitterness of spirit. They, too, were suffering wrong and ill-treatment, and needed an avenger. His fury choked him, so that he had eaten nothing of what had been set before him, and he now sat leaning with his elbows on the bare boards, staring with heated eyes at the blank wall before him, and feeding on his own heart.

"This is your first time in quod, I guess, young gentleman," observed a quiet voice beside him.

Richard started. He had thrown one contemptuous glance upon the company when they first assembled, and had decided that they possessed no more interest for him than a herd of cattle; buried in his own sombre thoughts, he had lost consciousness of their very presence, as of that of the warder, who was pacing up and down the room with monotonous tread. But now that his attention was thus drawn to his next neighbor, he saw that he differed somewhat from the rest; not that he was more intelligent-looking—for, indeed, there was a reckless brutality in his expression which the others lacked—but there was a certain resolution and strength of will in his face, which at least told of power. But it was the tone of voice, which, coming from such a man, though it was a gruff voice enough in itself, had something conciliatory and winning in it, that chiefly attracted Richard. Perhaps, too, the phrase "young gentleman" flattered his vanity. We can not throw off all our weaknesses at a moment's notice, no matter how stupendous the crisis in our fortunes, any more than, though our boat be sinking under us, we can divest ourselves of our clothes with a single shrug; and sympathy and deferential respect had still their weight with Richard Yorke. Perhaps, too, his nature had not yet even got quit of its gregariousness, and he was not sorry to have his acquaintance sought, though by this hang-dog thief.

"I have never been in prison before, if that is what you mea[illegible]," returned he, civilly.

He who aske[illegible] the question was a stout-built, grizzled fellow, [illegible] about fifty years. He was dressed like a well-to-do farmer, but his accent smacked of London rather than the country; and his hands, Richard observed, were not so coarse and rough as might be expected in one used to manual labor, though his limbs and frame were powerful enough for the most arduous toil. His gray eyes looked keenly at Richard from under their bushy brows, as he propounded a second inquiry:

"What are you in for? Forgery or embezzlement, I reckon—which is it?"

"Neither," answered Richard, laconically, a bitter smile parting his lips in spite of himself.

"Well, now, that's curious," observed the other, coolly. "If it was not that you were sent here with the rest of us, and not shut up by yourself, I should have guessed 'Murder' outright, for you were looking all that a minute ago; and since it could not be murder, I thought it must be one of the other two."

"I don't know what I am here for," said Richard, gloomily, "except that the charge is false."

"Oh, of course," rejoined the other, with a grim chuckle; "it's always false the first time, and as often afterward as we can get the juries to believe us. I'm an old hand myself, and my feelings are not easily wounded; but I have never yet disgraced myself by pleading guilty. It's throwing a chance away, unless you are a very beautiful young woman who has put away her baby, and that I never was, nor did."

"Beauty in distress mollifies the court, does it?" inquired Richard, willing to be won from his own wretchedness by talk even with a man like this.

"Mollifies!—yes, it makes a molly of every body. I have known a judge shed tears about it, which he is not bound to do unless he has the black cap on—that always set him going like an onion. Why, I've seen even an attorney use his pocket-handkerchief because of a pretty face in trouble; but then she was his client, to be sure. Talking of attorneys, you'll have Weasel, of course?"

Richard nodded an affirmative.

"Quite right. I should have him myself, if there was a shadow of a chance; but, as it is, it's throwing good money out o' winder. I wish you better luck, young gentleman, than mine is like to be; not that you want luck, of course, but only justice."

Richard did not relish this tone of banter, and he showed it in his look.

"Come, come," said the other, good-humoredly, "it is a pity to curdle such a handsome face as yours with sour thoughts. Let us be friends, for you may be glad of even a friend like me some dirty day."

"It is very likely," answered Richard, bitterly. "I see no fine days ahead, nor yet fine friends."

"I hope you will see both," answered the other, frankly. "The first time one finds one's self provided for so extra careful as this," with a glance at the iron bars across the low-arched windows, "the prospect always does seem dark. But one learns to look upon the bright side at last. Is the figure very heavy that you're in for? Excuse my country manners: I don't mean to be rude, nor do I ask the question from mere curiosity; but you don't look like one to have come here for a mere trifle."

"The amount in question is two thousand pounds."

"No whistling there!" cried the warder, peremptorily, for the "old hand" had not been able to repress an expression of emotion at this announcement. He looked at Richard with an air of self-complacency, such as a gentleman of the middle classes exhibits on suddenly discovering that he has been in familiar converse with a person of title, or a small trader on being brought into unexpected connection with a merchant prince. The gigantic character of the "operation" had invested this young man with an increased interest in the stranger's eye.

"That's a great beginning," said he, admiringly, "and could scarcely have happened with a poor devil like me. One requires to be born a gentleman to have such opportunities. Now, I don't mind telling *you*," here he sank his voice to a whisper, and looked cautiously about him, "that I was forty years of age before I ever got such a haul as yours. I've done better since, but it's been up-hill work, for all that."

"It doesn't seem to have been very hard work," said Richard, with a meaning glance at the other's hand.

"Well, no, I can't say as it's been hard; a neat touch is what is wanted in my profession."

"Why, you're not a pick—" Richard hesitated from motives of delicacy.

"A pickpocket? Well, I hope not, Sir, indeed," interrupted the other, indignantly.

"Then what *are* you?" said Richard, bluntly.

As a coy maiden blushes and hangs her head in silence when asked the question which she is yet both proud and pleased to answer in the affirmative, so did Mr. Robert Balfour (for such was the name of our new acquaintance) pause and in graceful confusion rub his stubble chin with his closed fist ere he replied: "Well, the fact is, I have been in the gold and precious stone line these thirty years, and never in the provinces until this present summer, when I came down here, as a Yankee pal of mine once put it, 'to open a little jewelry store.'"

"With a crowbar?" suggested Richard, with a faint smile.

"Just so," said the other, nodding; "and it so happened that yours truly, Bob Balfour, was caught in the very act."

"And what term of punishment do you expect for such a—"

"Such a misfortune as that?" answered Mr. Balfour, hastening to relieve Richard's embarrassment. "Well, if I had got the swag, I should—considering the testimonials that will be handed in—have been a lifer. But since I did not realize so much as a weddin' *ring*, twenty years ought to see me through it now."

Twenty years! Why, this man would be over seventy before he regained his liberty!

"Great Heaven!" cried Richard, "can you be cheerful with such a future before you! and at the end of it, to be turned old and penniless into the wide world!"

A genuine pity showed itself in the young man's look and tone. A minute before he had thought himself the most wretched of human beings; yet here was one whose fate was even harder, and who met it without repining. Community of trouble had already touched the heart which he had thought was turned to stone.

"Are you sorry for me, young gentleman," inquired the convict, in an altered voice, "you who have got so much trouble of your own to bear?"

"I am, indeed," said Richard, frankly.

"You would not write a letter for me, though, would you?" inquired the other, wistfully. "I should like to tell—somebody as I've left at home—where I am gone to; and the fact is, I can't write; I never learned how to do it."

A blush came over Bob Balfour's face for the first time; the man was ashamed of his ignorance, though not of his career of crime. "If it's too much trouble, say so," added he, gruffly. "Perhaps it was too great a favor to ask of a gentleman born."

"Not at all," said Richard, hastily, "if the man will bring us pen and paper."

"Hush! the *officer*, if you please," said Balfour. "They like to be 'officered,' these gentry, every one of them. Some friends of mine always addresses 'em as 'dogs;' but that's a mistake, when they has to watch you."

Mr. Robert Balfour spoke a few respectful words to the warder, and the requisite materials were soon laid upon the table. Richard dipped his pen in the ink, and waited for directions. "It's only a few words," muttered Mr. Balfour, apologetically, "to my old mother. Perhaps you have a mother yourself, young gentleman?"

"I have." He had written to her guardedly the previous day, before he left Plymouth, to tell her the same sad news which he was now, as he supposed, about to repeat for another, and to urge her to repair to Cross Key at once.

Mr. Balfour beat softly on the table with his forefinger for a moment, and then, as though he had found the key-note of the desired composition, dictated as follows:

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—When this comes to hand, I shall have took your advice, and started for the New World. There's a ship a-sailing from Plymouth in a day or two, and my passage in her is booked. I didn't like to come back to town again, for fear I should change my mind, and turn to the old trade. The post is queer and doubtful, they tell me, in these far-away parts; but you shall hear from me whenever I have an opportunity. All as is mine is yours, remember; so, use it. I have no need of money myself, for there's a place being kep for me, out yonder, in the carpentering line. Hoping this finds you well, as it leaves me, I am your dutiful son,

ROBERT BALFOUR."

"Then you don't tell her any thing about what's happened to you?" said Richard, wonderingly.

"Why should I? The poor soul's over seventy, and will never see me again. It's much better that she should have a pretty picture to look at than such a reality as this; ain't it?"

"Well, I suppose it is."

This delicate feeling on the part of Mr. Balfour jarred upon Richard. *He* had taken no pains to break the news of his imprisonment to *his* mother; on the contrary, he had painted the wretchedness of his position, with a view to set forth the urgent necessity for help, in its most sombre colors. Of course there was a great difference in the two cases, an immense difference; but still he resented this exhibition of natural piety, as contrasting unpleasantly with his own conduct.

The other, however, had no suspicion of this. His thoughts, just then, were far away; and the subject of them gave an unwonted softness to his tone as he observed: "I thank you for this, kindly, young gentleman. Here's the address—Earl Street, Spitalfields. It's her own house; and she will have enough, and to spare, while she lives, thank the Lord! Well, that's done with; and if Bob Balfour can do you a good turn for it, he will. Hello, you're wanted."

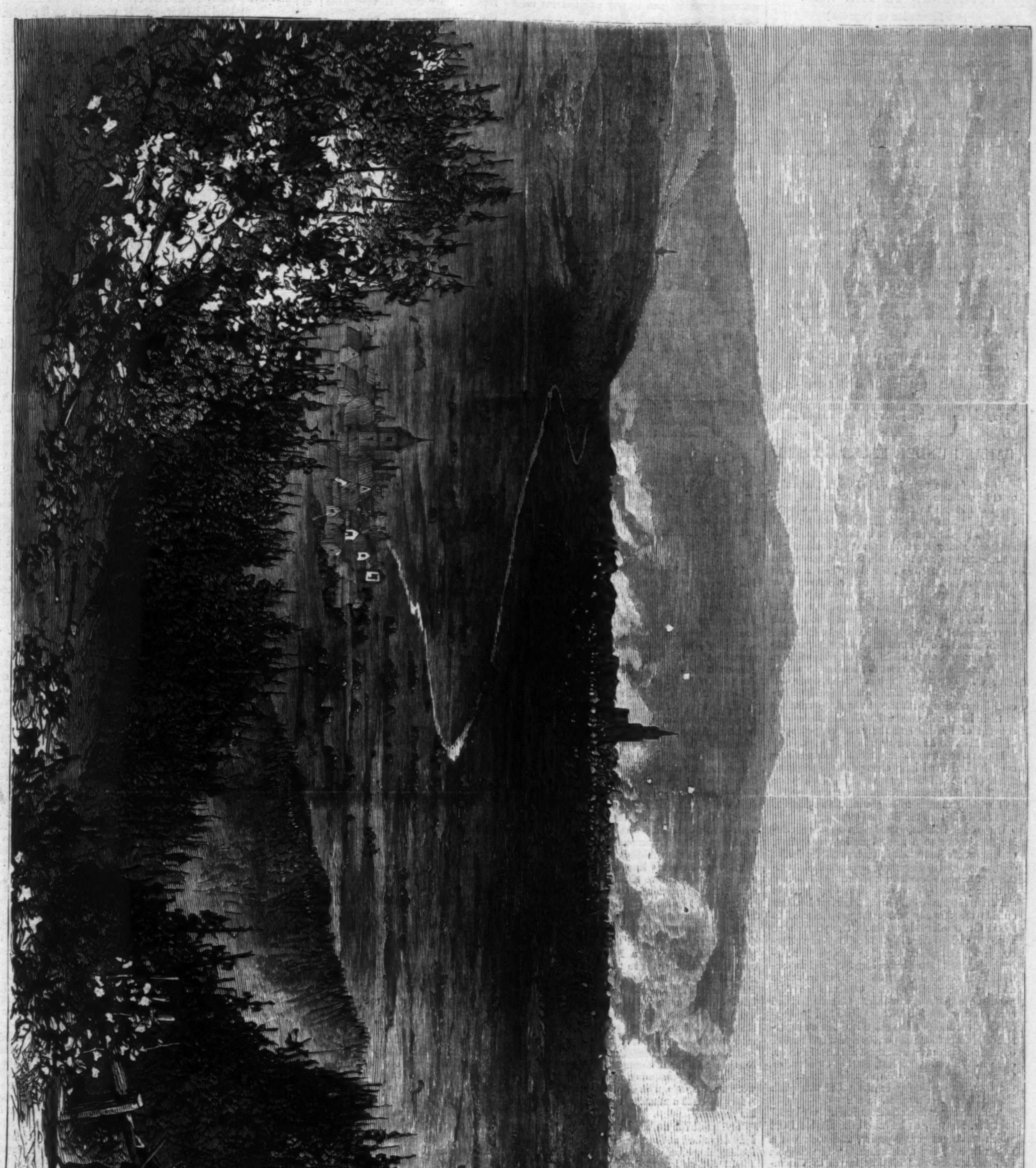
"Richard Yorke!" repeated the warder, loudly. "Can't you hear?"

Richard had heard well enough; but the idea that it was his mother who had come to see him had for the moment unmanned him; he well knew how proud she had been of him; and how was he to meet her now, disgraced, disheartened, in prison, a reputed thief! But the next instant he reflected that her arrival could not be possibly looked for for some days; perhaps it was Trevethick, who had, in the mean time, learned all, and was come to announce his willingness to withdraw from the prosecution; perhaps Harry herself was with him; perhaps—

But there was no time for further prognostication; a second warder was at the door, beckoning impatiently, and Richard rose at once. The dull faces of the rest were all raised toward him with a malign aspect; they feared that some good news was come for him, that they were about to lose a companion in misfortune. Only one held out his hand, with a "Good luck to you, young gentleman; though I never see you again, I shall not forget you."

"Silence there!" cried the officer in charge, as Richard passed out into the stone passage. "You ought to know our ways better than that, Balfour."

SUMMONED TO THE WAR.—[See Poem on Page 682.]



THE CITY OF STRASBOURG DURING THE BOMBARDMENT, THE VOSGES MOUNTAINS IN THE BACK-GROUND.—[See Page 83.]

SUMMONED TO THE WAR.

[See Illustration on Page 680.]

'Tis the Father-land that calls me, O my mother,
'Tis the Father-land that calls me, O my wife,
Calls me and many a sad-hearted brother
From the quiet hopes and labors of our life.

There are wives who pray with fervor that the battle
May spare the dearly loved ones, past all prayer;
And babes, too young a father's name to prattle,
Who will never know a father's tender care.

There are mothers who will be childless on the morrow;
There are friends, true hearted, who will never meet;
There are homes where the ghost of haunting sorrow
Will sit forever in the vacant seat.

'Tis not our country wounds us, but the stranger—
We give but to our country what we owe;
For the echo came to us that told of danger,
Where the waters of our dear Rhine river flow.

And the very thew and sinew of the nation,
The toilers and bread-winners of the land,
The sturdy manhood of a generation,
In the vanward of the battle take their stand.

We fight for Father-land, and not for glory,
Whose roots are watered by the tears of pain,
We fight not that our names should live in story,
But for the nation's life. And not in vain;

For 'tis a nation's war, and we, the nation,
Fight sternly, strong of heart in our own cause,
Though the wail of women, in their desolation,
Comes to us sadly in the battle's pause.

Farewell, O mother! 'tis my father wants me—
Our country, common father of us all;
Farewell, O wife! weep not, for weeping daunts me;
Pray for me, and for yourselves if I should fall.

SAILING UNDER FALSE COLORS.

I.

It was in the year 1835, before Italian unity or independence was thought of, when the journey from Rome to Florence occupied six days and a half, and when the Grand Duke Leopold dwelt in regal magnificence in the Palazzo Pitti, that two young Englishmen sat at breakfast in a Florentine palace, in which, without very much crowding, might have been stood half a dozen of the "brown-stone fronts" of Fifth Avenue or Madison Square. But for the loveliest view in Italy, which was spread out under its vast windows, the room in which they sat would have been almost cheerless from its height and size. Below them were terraced gardens, sparkling with fountains, and rich in the luxuriant foliage which makes Italy almost a paradise to northern eyes. Beyond and around rose the magnificent amphitheatre of hills in whose midst Florence lies nestled, with the silver Arno winding at their base, and crowned with the tower and convent of Fiesole and the cloud-capped spire of San Miniato on their very highest peak.

It was a scene to rouse the enthusiasm of any one who had lived long enough in the world to throw off the self-absorption and self-indulgence which are the characteristics of extreme youth, and which, thanks to a merciful Providence, time rarely fails to modify and subdue.

Our young friends, who, by-the-way, were doing full justice to a most luxurious breakfast, were far more interested in their plans for future enjoyment, and in discussing the animated specimens of nature's handiwork whom they had met in their yesterday's travels, than they were in the art treasures within, or the natural beauties outside the fair city where they had elected to spend the coming six weeks. The young men were old college friends, and had been traveling-companions on the continent of Europe for nearly three years. In personal and mental attractions they were fairly matched; in social status and position widely apart. One was a nobleman, the other a commoner. One had broad acres, and a rent-roll that was counted by hundreds of thousands; the other had but an inheritance of three hundred pounds a year and remote expectations from an estranged uncle. In short, one was William Adolphus, Earl of Grafton, of Grafton Castle, Wilts, with minor estates in half the counties of England; the other was plain Roger Merton, of nowhere at all.

"It's a very dangerous experiment, my lord," said Mr. Merton, as he raised the marble hand which served as presse-papier, and took out a dozen letters lying underneath. "The English in Florence are as 'thick as leaves in Valombrosa,' and there are a hundred chances to one that you will be recognized and exposed."

"What an old muff you are, Roger; and what do you mean by mi-lording me? How can I be recognized by people who have never seen me? Haven't I looked over the list of all the strangers in Florence, and there is not a name I know among them? Besides, am I not ready to sacrifice the silkiest beard and mustache in Tuscany, and appear before the world, 'all shaven and shorn,' without decoration or adornment, a complete specimen of the true middle-class Briton (I beg your pardon, Merton), resting my hopes of success upon the qualities of heart and brain alone. Pass the claret, old fellow, and hold your tongue while I look over these letters and make out the plan of my campaign. By Jove! what a thing it is to *have* a plan and a something before one, besides dawdling through picture-galleries, and being 'mi-lorded' and 'your lordshiped' by all the mewling, puling, namby-pamby tuft-hunters between here and Mayfair! Let me see—to 'the English Embassador,' to the 'Chamberlain of the Grand Duke,' introducing Lord Grafton and his friend Mr. Merton. Lucky I had your name included in my letters, Roger. Well—the whole thing is arranged in my mind, old fellow, and you're not to have a word to say. Only remember that *you* are Lord Grafton for the time being, and as you won't sail under false colors, and go out and have a good time among the mammas and the husband-hunting daughters—why, 'Lord Grafton' must be an invalid and a hypochondriac, and never be seen by any one but his valet and his attached friend 'Merton.'"

"Very well," replied Roger, as he shook the ashes from his meerschaum on to a small silver plate—"'a willful man,' etc.—you know the old saying, Grafton. But it does seem to me the most insane project that was ever set on foot. Do be persuaded to give it up, like a good fellow. If your object is to win and woo the lovely girl we met at Valombrosa yesterday, do it without trickery or deception. Let her know you for who and what you are, and trust—"

"To the noble indifference to place and power that exists in the female mind," interrupted the young lord. "No, I thank you, Roger; there's an amount of stiff-neckedness in you, old fellow, that would get the better of me on any other point, but on this my mind is made up. I shall never get such a chance again, and I'm resolved to be plain Mr. Merton for the next six weeks, and see what I can do toward breaking women's hearts without my title and estates to back me."

"And so enact 'the Lord of Burleigh' to your own overthrow and humiliation, most likely. Recollect I warned you, Grafton," replied Merton, shaking his head gravely at his madcap friend. "But if it *is* to be, when is the masquerading to begin, and how soon am I to fall into invalid ways? I don't feel any premonitory symptoms, unfortunately, and you must have nobody dropping in at meal-times, remember. If you do I must pass for a lunatic, not for an invalid, this air gives me such an infernal appetite. You'll let me get a glimpse of the Venus to-day, I hope, before I succeed to my unwelcome title, and am shut up for an indefinite period."

"Certainly, old fellow; do whatever you like. I shall be all the morning under François's manipulations, trying to be made respectable and middle-class." And gathering up their letters as they spoke, and setting their hats upon their heads after the most approved British style, the young men left the room by different doors.

II.

There was a ball at the grand ducal palace a few days after the conversation recorded in our first chapter, and here, in the blaze of light from whole *trees* of candles, and in the glitter of uniforms, stars, and diadems, "plain Mr. Merton" made his bow to Florentine society. After the necessary presentations to the court circle, and after hearing on every side profound regret expressed at the declining health of his noble friend, the *soi-disant* Mr. Merton found himself walking listlessly through the brilliant suit of rooms very much unknown and unnoticed, and rather uncertain whether this standing on one's own merits and attractions were not somewhat of a mistake after all. He stopped for a moment in the ball-room to watch a quadrille in which the Grand Duke himself was dancing, and as his eye fell upon the partner of his royal highness a thrill of delighted surprise ran through his frame, for he recognized instantly his charming acquaintance of Valombrosa, and the heroine of his day's adventure there. She was a young English girl of about eighteen years of age, fresh and very fair, and with the timidity of her race and of her sex written in every line of her beautiful face. Her eyes, which were shaded by lashes of most unusual length, seemed to elude the most cautious attempt to meet their upward glance, and her lips rarely parted over the small regular teeth, even in response to the efforts of her illustrious partner to draw her out. She danced with the ease and grace of a Frenchwoman, gliding over the smoothly waxen floors without displacing a ringlet or disturbing a fold of the exquisite Parisian elaboration which was called then, as it has been ever since, "une toilette." Lord Grafton was too well accustomed to the "coming, seeing, and conquering" process to hesitate a moment in seeking out the lord chamberlain, and requesting an introduction to the unknown beauty; and for a moment he inwardly cursed his own folly in assuming a name and rank which were not his own when he saw the Italian dignitary hesitate a moment before complying with his request.

The quadrille ended, however, and the young lady deposited at the side of a rather formidable-looking chaperon, whom Grafton devoutly prayed might *not* be her mother, "Mr. Merton" was taken up and presented to "Miss Adelaide Berringer." The long eyelashes were raised for a moment, and then Mr. Merton was called upon to make a second bow to "Mrs. Berringer," which he did with an amount of cool self-complacency which completely took away that lady's breath. She, however, retaliated by making it quite as apparent as it was all necessary that she was by no means pleased to make "Mr. Merton's" acquaintance. A petition for the next waltz was timidly granted, and the next moment Lord Grafton and Adelaide Berringer were whirling round the ball-room to the delicious music of the Duke's own band. A turn in the conservatory followed, and then, under pretense of having lost his way in his well-meaning efforts to take his fair partner back to her chaperon, Grafton led her out on to the moonlit terrace, where the entrancing beauty of the night was an excuse for still further lingering.

During all this time Grafton had made the most of his opportunities and of his rather unusual conversational powers, talking charmingly and sympathetically, as he knew so well how to do, and eliciting many a responsive glance from under the long eyelashes.

"I think we had better go back now, Mr. Merton," said the young girl at last. "My aunt will be surprised at my long absence."

"Your aunt?" inquired Grafton; "the lady to whom I had the honor of being presented is not your mamma, then?"

"Oh no!" replied the fair girl, whose timidity was beginning to wear off a little. "I am an orphan. My aunt is very kind; but she has two daughters of her own—"

"To whom I was *not* introduced," interrupted Grafton, quickly.

"Oh no! nobody ever is introduced to Mildred and Annie except lords or honorable misters," replied Adelaide, with great naïveté; "but I'm only a poor little girl, without parents or fortune, and when we go home very likely I shall take a situation as governess."

"Governess!" exclaimed Lord Grafton, looking compassionately down upon the lovely creature at his side. "You are very unfit for that, my child."

"Oh, indeed," replied Adelaide, simply, "I have been very carefully educated, I assure you. I speak French and German as well as I do English, and people say that I sing very nicely."

"Sing!" exclaimed Lord Grafton; "how delightful! I am so fond of music! When may I have the honor of hearing you? Perhaps we might manage a duet together. I have a pretty fair tenor myself."

"I am sure I shall be very happy," replied Adelaide, looking shyly down; "but, indeed, we must go in now. My aunt will think it so very strange."

And resisting all his efforts to detain her, she turned resolutely toward the entrance of the palace.

They were met in the grand corridor by Mrs. Berringer and her two very plain daughters, hooded and cloaked for departure; and very stern was the glance the good lady bent upon "Mr. Merton" and her beautiful niece as they approached, full of apologies for their long absence.

"Mildred has your cloak, Adelaide," she said, in a tone that was intended to be calm; "and Lord Loftus will see us to our carriage. I have the honor of wishing you good-evening, Sir," she continued, courtesying profoundly to "Mr. Merton," with an emphasis which seemed to dismiss him from her presence not only for that occasion, but for the remainder of his natural life.

For the next few weeks life seemed to be one long summer day's holiday to Lord Grafton, and one long dark winter of discontent to the assumed possessor of that ancient name. In direct opposition to his friend's judgment and advice, Grafton gave himself up entirely to his daily increasing passion for Adelaide Berringer, and was wild with triumphant delight at the growing interest in himself which she unconsciously betrayed. At balls and fêtes, in gardens and galleries, they met continually, and Grafton had even the temerity to snap his fingers at Mrs. Berringer's repelling coldness, and call frequently at their hotel, where he spent morning after morning listening to the delicious strains of Adelaide Berringer's voice. During all this time he had not been honored with an introduction to the Misses Berringer, nor once received the faintest sign of recognition from them. It seemed to be tacitly admitted that he was "well enough" as an admirer of Adelaide's, and would be tolerated as such provided he made not the slightest attempt to invade the sacred precincts of her family circle. As for Adelaide herself, she was living in an enchanted world, of which she and Grafton were the sole inhabitants. To her guileless nature the good things of this life were comprised within very narrow limits. To wander with her lover through gardens and vineyards under the deep blue sky of Tuscany—to dance with him, sing for him, and to fight nobly and bravely for him against the scoffs and sneers of the whole home circle, was happiness enough for her. The rest she left to him, "secure," as she shyly told him, when they stood together on the very spot where he had first seen her in the vale of Valombrosa—"secure in his love, and content to give up all her future life to him."

And then Grafton would press her to his heart in a wild ecstasy of happiness, and whisper, "Have you no fears, dearest, of the trials and privations that poverty and obscurity may create? Are you willing to fight the battle of life, fierce and dark though the struggle may be, at my side?" He had his answer in language that is sweet to lovers' hearts, but not very intelligible to those living outside of their enchanted circle.

III.

"Isn't it time for this farce to come to an end, Grafton?" said Roger Merton, in a disconsolate tone, as he watched his friend putting the final touches to his toilet for a "festa" in the lovely grounds of the Cascine. "I've been ill so long that I'm quite ready to die, and the sooner you publish my demise the better."

"My dear fellow, don't talk of dying," replied Grafton; "you shall be put out of your misery without going through that uncomfortable process. I feel as if I could never thank you enough for your patience and long-suffering in my cause. And by Jove! Roger, what a splendid success our little masquerade has been! I never should have believed that girl loved me for myself alone but for this little innocent deception. And now upon my word, Merton, a man can't talk about that sort of thing, you know, but I do believe we shall be the happiest couple in England. The only trouble is how to break the truth to her. Upon my soul I don't believe she'd marry me if she knew who I really am."

"Have you got her aunt's consent to 'plain Mr. Merton' entering her august family?"

"Oh, such a lark! Yes, the old lady was pleased to accord her royal permission, upon condition that our names were to be struck off her visiting list from the hour of our marriage. I agreed *cheerfully*; and, by Jove! I'll hold her to her own conditions strictly. How I did enjoy dwelling upon my 'narrow income' in the only conversation I have ever had the honor of holding with her! By-the-way, Roger, I wish you'd go in and court one of those old girls as Earl of Grafton. It would be such a splendid 'plant' upon the old dame."

"Thank you," replied Merton, dryly. "If you can offer me no better compensation for my services, I prefer to remain forever unremunerated. But, joking apart, Grafton, have you taken my advice and consulted Lord and Lady N—— about the marriage, and the best way to get out of this infernal snarl?"

"Made a clean breast of it yesterday, Roger. The embassador looked rather glum at first, and said something about the reproach cast upon 'our order' by my little escapade. What a farce it all is, to be sure! Fifty years hence 'our order' will probably have ceased to exist. But never mind; the old lady made it all right. Her jolly old heart was charmed with the romance of the thing, and it's settled that our marriage is to take place at the embassy early next month, and they'll undertake to break the 'dreadful intelligence' to Mrs. Berringer, after we're gone, I hope."

"When the veritable Roger Merton will throw up his cap and shout, 'Hurrah for liberty!' I never knew how fond I was of my father's name until I lost it. Can't I have it back before the wedding-day?"

"Not one hour sooner, you poor old victim. I've a great mind not to give it back to you at all. It has brought me more happiness than ever my title and estates did—hang them!" And catching up his gloves and stick, and waving a laughing adieu to Merton, he ran gayly down stairs.

The fashionable world of Florence was full of excitement and astonishment when it was known that the marriage of Adelaide Berringer with "that plain Mr. Merton, my dear," was to be celebrated at the British embassy; and fierce was the struggle for invitations to the fête which Lord N—— had announced was to be given in honor of the occasion. What added a little to the interest was a certain veil of mystery which seemed to hang over the whole affair, and the impossibility of ascertaining definitely what the arrangements for the marriage were to be. All that the most potent arbiters of fashion could learn was contained in their cards of invitation, which summoned them to the private chapel of the embassy at one o'clock, and to an outdoor fête with dancing, to commence immediately afterward.

The sun shone as it can shine nowhere else but in an Italian sky on the morning of Adelaide Berringer's wedding-day; and deep was the murmur of admiration that ran round the crowded chapel as, in her robes of floating white, she walked up the aisle leaning on the embassador's arm. The bridegroom met her at the altar; and it was noticed by more than one of those present that the look of tender affection which rested for a moment on his lovely bride changed to one of almost triumphant defiance as he glanced round the assembled crowd. The ceremony proceeded, and as the Christian names of the bridal pair were pronounced by the clergyman in that most solemn of all combinations which the marriage service contains, Mildred Berringer whispered to the lady next to her, "William Adolphus! What a grand name for such a very small individual! It ought to be Tom or Dick."

"Well," replied the lively girl to whom the remark was addressed, as the ceremony ended and the newly married couple, with their chosen witnesses, moved toward the vestry-room, "whether Tom, Dick, or Harry, he is a very distinguished-looking man. Adelaide Berringer will be a happy wife, I feel sure."

At this moment there was a buzz and a rustling through the chapel, and at a signal from Lady N—— the guests retired and dispersed themselves over the magnificent grounds, or reclined in the luxurious saloons. Mrs. Berringer and her daughters took refuge in Lady N——'s boudoir. It having been a part of Mrs. Berringer's tactics to interest herself as little as possible in the details of her niece's marriage, she had declined going into the vestry with her to witness the signing of the contract. Now, however, she began to be a little anxious, as more than half an hour had elapsed and neither "Mr. nor Mrs. Merton," as she was careful to call them, had appeared.

"Do you think any thing could have happened to Adelaide?" she said, a little nervously, to her eldest daughter. "Perhaps she may be ill or faint. Shall I go back to the chapel and make inquiries?"

"Oh no, mamma," replied the aristocratic Mildred, who was standing near the window; "that horrid man is sure to be rude—you had better let them alone. Just come here a moment and look at this magnificent chariot standing at the principal entrance. An earl's coronet and four horses! It can not be Lord N——'s?"

"No," replied Mrs. Berringer, peering cautiously through the blinds. "I have never seen it in Florence before. An earl's coronet—let me see! I have it, Mildred. It must be that mysterious Lord Grafton's, whom nobody has ever seen. He has lent it to his friend for the first stages of the wedding trip. And look, girls, there are the bride and bridegroom getting in at this moment. They are going off without farewells after all. Very sensible and judicious of them, I must say; as, of course, none of these people will care to know them again in London. I did not suppose that Mr. Merton had so much tact. It spares us so much, my dears. Well, Adelaide goes off with flying colors," she continued, as the magnificent equipage dashed by, and the radiant face of Adelaide was visible for a moment to the group at the window—"it's a pity they are false ones."

"Pardon me, madam," said Lord N——, who entered the room at that moment, and heard the concluding remarks; "the colors are as true as your lovely niece's own heart. And I am re-

quested by the young Earl and Countess, whom you have just seen drive from my door, to apologize to their friends for their abrupt and unceremonious departure, and to say that they hope to meet, during the coming season in London, all those from whom they have received kindness and attention here. Those who have declined the honor of 'Mr. Merton's' acquaintance," he added, glancing slyly at Mildred and Annie, "will of course not have it forced upon them by Lord Grafton. To you, madam," he continued, turning to Mrs. Berringer, "his lordship desired me to present his grateful acknowledgments for the wife whom you so reluctantly bestowed, and to assure you that the conditions which you imposed upon him when you gave your consent to his engagement shall be most religiously observed. Will you allow me to conduct you into the banqueting-hall, madam," continued the courtly old man, feeling really sorry for Mrs. Berringer, whose face was pale to absolute ghastliness, "where you can take some refreshment, and receive the congratulations of our friends on the happy *dénouement* of this romantic little drama? You will find there also, under Lady N——'s chaperonage, the real Mr. Merton, to whose assistance in planning and carrying out this little plot Lord Grafton is largely indebted. He really is a most charming young man, and I am sure you will be delighted to make his acquaintance. As he is quite a stranger in Florentine society, I shall take the liberty of presenting him to your daughters. I have the honor to offer you my arm, madam."

STRASBOURG UNDER FIRE.

ON page 681 we give an interesting sketch of the city of Strasbourg and the surrounding country during the recent bombardment. The sketch was taken from the heights near Appenweier, in the Baden mountains, directly opposite Strasbourg, on the west bank of the Rhine, and overlooking the valley of that river, with the village of Kehl on the east side. The winding stream of the Ill and its canals may be traced through the flat meadows around the beleaguered city; behind it lies the plain of Alsace, and in the distant back-ground rises the chain of the Vosges Mountains. The magnificent Cathedral, which fortunately escaped destruction, though much shattered by the bombardment, forms a prominent feature in this sketch. An official examination of the city after the capitulation showed that the Prussian fire had been terribly destructive. Entire streets were in ruins, and presented a picture of utter desolation.

VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS.

AMONG the still active volcanoes we meet with some whose craters are several miles in diameter, encircled by precipitous sides rising to even a thousand feet above the bottom of the crater when at rest, which, as in the Sandwich Islands, may contain reservoirs, or rather lakes, of liquid lava, two to four miles across, and at times send forth rivers of molten stone several miles in breadth, extending their fiery inundation to a distance of even forty miles from the crater whence they issued. In the eruption of Hualalai, in 1801, a lava current, after reaching the coast, poured out such volumes of melted matter as to fill up a bay some twenty miles deep, and in its place extend a headland some three or four miles farther into the sea. The rate at which these rivers of molten stone flow is a very varying one; in 1805 the lava current from Vesuvius is said to have run down the first three miles in four minutes, yet only completed its total distance of six miles in three hours; and in 1840 that from Mauna Loa advanced no less than eighteen miles in two hours; while on the other hand it is recorded that during the eruption of Etna, which commenced in 1614, and continued many years, the lava stream only completed a distance of six miles in ten years, notwithstanding that all this time it was seen to be in slow but almost imperceptible motion; during the eruption of this volcano in 1865 it was found, however, that at the edge of the current the rate of motion varied from 15 to 120 feet per hour, according to local circumstances; in the centre of the stream the lava was evidently still more rapid in its movements.

The entire mass of a lava stream often advances even when to the eye it would appear to have become quite solid; upon throwing a heavy stone on to the top of a lava current so far consolidated that the stone merely fixed itself into the surface without sinking deeper, it was seen that the stone moved along with the lava, which otherwise looked as if stationary. The surface of this lava consolidated and cooled with almost incredible rapidity, so much so that, notwithstanding the protestations of his guides, a gentleman walked over lava currents when, at the same time, the fiery stream still flowing below could be distinctly seen through the cracks in the crust over which he passed.

On this occasion also the stems of the pine-trees in the forest which was destroyed by this eruption were converted into charcoal as high as the lava reached, but the upper portions of the trees then toppled over, and remained in an almost unaltered and uncharred condition on the top of the lava current which had so quickly cooled. The crust which forms on the top of lava when cooling, being an excellent non-conductor, acts so efficiently in preventing further escape of heat that we find streams of lava requiring many years, and even ages, to become quite cold. Dolomier relates that the lower part of the Ischia lava of 1301 was still hot in the year 1785.

The buried cities of Stabia, Herculaneum, and Pompeii, covered up in parts to the depth of 100 feet by the ashes of Vesuvius, are ocular proofs of the vast quantity which can be sent out of a volcanic vent during an eruption. The volcano of Sangay, in Ecuador, in constant activity since 1728, has buried the country around it to a depth of 400 feet under its ashes; and a French geologist has estimated that in the course of only two days the volcano of Bourbon has thrown out no less than 300,000 tons of volcanic ashes. The immense distances to which these may be transported by the winds is no less surprising; the ashes of Vesuvius, in the eruption which buried Pompeii, darkened the sun at Rome, and were carried as far as Syria and Egypt; those from San Vincent, in 1812, are reported to have made the sky as dark as night in the Barbadoes; and in Iceland, in 1766, the air became so charged with ashes for a distance of 150 miles around Hecla that even the brightest light could not be distinguished at a few yards.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

FOR the first time since theatres were permanently established in Paris there is a complete cessation of dramatic performances. These entertainments were stopped by legal authority; yet, before that was done, public opinion favored their being given up. While the Revolution was progressing, the tragedies of Marie Joseph Chénier and Arnault *pere* were performed; and while the Reign of Terror deluged the streets of Paris with blood, pastoral dramas, recording the loves and quarrels of Corydon and Amoret, divided the public favor with republican idyls celebrating the triumphs of the new *régime*, the marriage of priests, and other novelties. Napoleon went to the campaign which ended at Waterloo while the "Triomphe de Trajan" was being performed; and the entry for the second time of the Allies into Paris was celebrated by the production of "Le Roi et la Ligue." So that this peculiar feature of the present struggle seems indicative of the serious aspect which it bears in the minds of the masses.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Saratoga Springs has made an effort to break up the elegant gambling-saloon of John Morrissey. This establishment has been carried on openly and successfully, to the ruin of thousands, in defiance of all law. The statutes of the State authorize the seizure and destruction of all exposed gambling implements, and make it a punishable offense for any person to keep a gambling establishment. The proprietor of the establishment referred to was arrested, and, after examination, bound over for his appearance and trial at the next term of the Saratoga County Court. All lovers of good morals can not but hope that the Young Men's Christian Association will persevere in this case until this notorious gambling club-house is wholly rooted up.

Remarkable solar phenomena are now exciting the interest of all astronomers. From observations made at the Allegheny University, Pennsylvania, it appears that the side of the sun now turned toward us is covered with hundreds of spots of all sizes and in all stages of growth. The area of one of the large spots, which is now near the centre of the disk, has been computed from careful measurements, and found to exceed 2,300,000,000 square miles. These spots apparently change their form from hour to hour; a sort of current appears sometimes to rush downward, carrying with it great masses of luminous matter to lower depths, and opening black cavities of a size commensurate with the scale on which this action is carried on. The largest of these cavities is seen to be overhung with parts of the brilliant surface, which visibly break away in enormous portions, and sink in it out of sight. Masses the size of whole continents are utterly changed in shape or disappear from one day to another, sometimes while the observer watches them; and the whole "spot" is, to all appearance, being slowly rotated by the cyclones which are visibly working there.

The aggregate number of persons who last year received public care in the institutions under the control of the Department of Charities and Corrections, or relief through their agency, is stated to be 160,278. Over 51,000 of these were relieved by the Superintendent of the Outdoor Poor.

The Chinese of North Adams continue to adhere to their home diet of rice, and tea which they brought for their own use. They also eat beef and mutton, and ordinary vegetables. They are cleanly in their personal habits, and are beginning to adopt the clothing which New Englanders generally wear. Some have ceased to shave the head, which makes a vast change in their appearance; but the long queue is still carefully retained. They learn to read and write rapidly, and many of them attend the churches and Sunday-schools. They mix, however, very little with the community in general—which is, perhaps, one reason that they have not yet learned to smoke and drink. They are quiet and respectful, but withal somewhat suspicious; for when farmers have given them apples from their orchards they have courteously expressed thanks, but never have tasted the fruit until they have taken it home and examined it carefully.

A sect of Adventists, living in the vicinity of Pittsburg and Alleghany, are now busily circulating their belief that within the next two years the earth will be transformed into its original Edenic state. The European war, and the changes going on in the Papal States, are, in their opinion, hastening this end. These Adventists claim that the number of their followers in both Europe and America is large.

John Allen, who was unenviably known as the "Wickedest Man in New York," died a few weeks ago at his father's residence in West Perth, New York. At one time it was believed he had become a reformed man; but his subsequent conduct proved that his reformation was only a pretense for the hope of gain.

A correspondent of the *Indépendance Belge*, having visited Wilhelmshöhe and seen the Emperor, says that he looks thirty years older than he did five years ago. He goes to bed late and rises early. A light can be seen burning in his bedroom after midnight, and between four and five o'clock in the morning he has already taken his first walk in the garden. Napoleon and his generals are apparently conscious of the tragic gravity of the situation, but his subaltern officers do not appear to understand it. They walk happily in the park, laughing at the passers-by, amusing themselves at the cascades, and have all the insolence of lackeys accompanying a master on a journey of pleasure. One of these gentlemen denied energetically, on the 8th of September, that the republic had been proclaimed at Paris. He considered it to be simply a "Prussian canard," and when told of the issue at Paris of the first number of the *Journal Officiel* of the French republic, he shrugged his shoulders and said, with an air of superiority, "Good God, Sir, we must not believe every thing we read in the newspapers."

A singular petition was lately presented to the Board of Aldermen of Nevada City from a Frenchwoman who desired to be allowed to wear male attire. She stated that elsewhere she had worn that dress for twenty years, and being about to open a mercantile establishment in that city, she wished to be protected against arrest. With her petition she sent a document bearing the signature of the Clerk of the District Court of Amador County, California, which was given her to serve as a protection against arrest, and which speaks of her as an industrious and virtuous woman, and one possessed of considerable real estate in that county. This document is certified to and countersigned by the French Consul at San Francisco, and states that she first adopted male attire in 1850, upon her arrival in California; that not finding any thing to do in San Francisco, and wishing to lead an honest and virtuous life, she went to work in the mines, where she made money enough to start in business.

A wild story is circulated in Paris that there exists a subterranean passage, with one entrance beyond the fortifications and another in Paris itself. The letter conveying this information to the authorities says that the writer has it from one of the masons employed in the work, who offers to come to Paris with a safe-conduct, he being a German. The subterranean passage is said to have been the work of six years, and to have been dug by German workmen on high pay, who were always taken to and from their work blindfolded!

Baron Rothschild, the millionaire, *par excellence*, of France, is in the National Guard, and is ready to do his part in defending the capital.

The *savans* of the British Scientific Association of Liverpool do not trouble their heads about the great war on the Continent, but have quietly assembled for the discussion of the "atomic theory," the site of Paradise, the expedition of Sir Samuel Baker, luminous meteors, fossil corals, and kindred matters. But interest in their deliberations does not extend far out of their own charmed circle.

That much-dreaded disease, the yellow-fever, which has been prevailing in New Orleans and in parts of Spain and in Cuba, has also been at the very doors of our city during the past season. Although there is every reason that the authorities should use every precaution in regard to it, the season has now so far advanced that there is little danger of its becoming epidemic.

Phenophthalmotrope is the name given to a new machine, invented by Dr. Donders, of Utrecht, for elucidating the movements of the eyeball.

A Massachusetts man having lately undergone a very severe surgical operation, his mind became unsettled, and he was seized with the conviction that they had removed all the internal organs from his body, and left him a mere anatomical shell. All their protestations to the contrary only convinced him the more of the perfidy of the whole medical profession. He steadily refused to eat or drink. After lingering for nearly a month, he died the other day in a Salem hospital, bewailing his stolen vitals, and execrating the thievish doctors.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN old lady, recently, in some court before which she was brought as a witness, when asked to take off her bonnet, obstinately refused to do so, saying, "There is no law to compel a woman to take off her bonnet." "Oh!" imprudently replied one of the judges, "you know the law, do you? Perhaps you would like to come up and sit here and teach us?" "No, I thank you, Sir," said the old woman, tartly; "there are old women enough there now."

There are a good many people who do *not* live in New Jersey who will sympathize with the feelings of a Jerseyite, who, having heard that sparrows would destroy mosquitoes as well as worms, procured a couple, put them into his bedroom, and told them to "hunt." He was somewhat discouraged when he returned to his room to find that the mosquitoes had swallowed the sparrows!

"I say, Pat, what are you about—sweeping out the room?" "No," answered Pat, "I'm sweeping out the dirt and leaving the room."

"Mother," said a little shaver the other day, "I know what I would do if I was at sea, and the men were all starving, and they should draw lots to see who should be killed and eaten, and it should be me—I'd jump into the water." "But," said the mother, "they would fish you up." "No," said he, "for I wouldn't bite."

"Boss, I want twenty-five cents," said a jour printer recently to his employer. "Twenty-five cents! how soon do you want it, William?" "Next Tuesday week." "As soon as that? You can't have it; I've told you often that when you were in want of any large sum of money you must give me at least four weeks' notice, for you ought to know that nobody pays the printer."

THE GREAT AMERICAN DESSERT—Fruit.

"It is a poor rule that won't work both ways," exclaimed the boy as he threw the ferule at the schoolmaster's head.

An old lady who had never been to a railroad before, went into the dépôt at New Bedford the other day, took a seat, and after a while turned to a lady friend and observed, "It rides real easy, don't it?"

SCULL RACE—A college examination.

The distinguished author of "Lines to a Waterfall" is said to be engaged now on "Lines to a Hair-pin."

THE FAVORITE ROMANCE OF OFFICE-SEEKERS—"Put yourself in his place."

A young man in Ohio recently opened a clothing-store, and was sent to jail for it. Reason—the clothing-store belonged to another man.

The Detroit women wear Red-Cloud hats, and it is said the men are preparing to come out in Spotted-Tail coats.

It was a woman who first prompted man to eat, but he took to drink on his own account afterward.

Some lawyers study the fees-ability of a client's case before undertaking it.

Preceding the list of marriages, a Chicago paper says: "The following is a list of candidates for divorce."

"What is the size of this place?" gravely asked a New Yorker of the conductor, just after the brakeman had sung out "O-pe-li-ka" at a Southern station, where not a house was visible among the pines except a rambling shed called an "eating-saloon." "It's about as big as New York," was the ready answer, "but it isn't built up yet."

A San Francisco paper declines to publish the particulars of three murders, as "there was nothing novel or original about the modes of death."

Two Irishmen were one day engaged in roofing a house, when one of them lost hold and fell to the ground. The other hastened to him, and inquired, when he found him lying prostrate and still, "Mickey! Mickey! are you dead?" "No," replied Mickey; "not dead, but spacheless!"

A St. Louis reporter is terrifically "graphic" in describing the recent collision of railroad trains in Missouri. Hear him: "The two engines rushed at each other like malign and enraged monsters, grappled with a tremendous crash, reared from the track in a mortal wrestle, and fell into helpless and disjointed fragments on the ground."

A veteran was relating his exploits to a crowd of boys, and mentioned having been in five engagements. "That's nothing," broke in a little fellow; "my sister Sarah's been engaged eleven times."

A lady recently said to an Irish man-servant, "I wish you would step over and see how old Mrs. Jones is this morning." He returned in a few minutes with the information that Mrs. Jones was seventy-two years old.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY; OR, WHICH IS THE GOBBLER?

Whene'er that tender bird I chance to see,
I wish that I might e'en a gobbler be;
So, as my foes are wrapt in battle murky,
I'll take my chance, and bone that heathen Turkey.

BEAR HUNT IN A SOUTHERN CANE-BRAKE.—Drawn by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 685.]

"OUR FRITZ" VISITING THE WOUNDED.

The kindness and consideration shown by the Germans to the French prisoners of war have been noted ever since the commencement of the conflict. At Berlin the citizens received the captives with open arms, and bundles of cigars and mugs of beer were distributed among them by the inhabitants of the various towns they passed through on the road.

The German officers also appear to be most anxious to alleviate as much as possible the lot of their unfortunate opponents, "Our Fritz" himself being among the foremost. The sketch on this page represents him speaking to wounded French soldiers as they were taken through the streets of Soultz the day after the battle of Wörth. An eye-witness, writing from the spot, describes his kindness as something wonderful, and tells us that whenever he sees a wounded man, whether soldier or officer, French or Prussian, he is sure to go up to him and say a few kind words.

JULES FAVRE.

We give on this page a portrait of M. Jules Favre, who is now the virtual head of the civil government of France, so far as such a thing can be said to exist in that country. He is a man of eminent ability and enlightened views. The task before him is, perhaps, the most difficult ever assumed by a statesman, and the prospect of a successful issue is very dim. His late circular, addressed to foreign powers, was the most reasonable and honest which has issued from any French Minister of recent times. Discarding the conventional fallacies of French rhetoric, he founds his arguments for peace on a basis which neutral governments generally recognized as reasonable, although it failed to satisfy the victorious enemy. Instead of insisting on the distinction between the imperial government and the nation, he candidly admits the obligation of France to repair by just measures the wrong it has done. If Germany "takes advantage of our misfortunes to overwhelm us, we shall offer a desperate resistance, and it will remain well understood that it is the nation, properly represented in a freely elected assembly, that this power wishes to destroy." It may, of course, be objected on the German side that the question is whether France is prepared to offer sufficient reparation; but it is impossible in an appeal to European opinion to enter into the details which must at some time be the subject-matter of negotiations. It is admitted that the French Foreign Minister has confined himself, in this circular, to arguments which serious and educated men may use without intellectual degradation, leaving it for M. Victor Hugo, who formerly encouraged the cupidity of his countrymen for the Rhine, to rant in inflated phrases about Leonidas, Rienzi, and Danton, Plutarch, Homer, and Nebuchadnezzar.

JULES FAVRE.

IN A CANE-BRAKE.

The cane-brake is a distinguishing feature in Southern lowland scenery. Along the Mississippi and its tributary rivers and bayous there are large tracts of land periodically submerged, and covered by dense thickets of the graceful cane, affording cover for large numbers of reptiles and other wild animals. Trumpet-vines, wild convolvulus, the passion-flower, and other climbing and twining plants, bend the canes with their luxurious growth, and make them gorgeous with color. Over all the Spanish moss, which in such situations flourishes exceedingly, hangs from the dying cypress-trees, or swings from limb to limb in giant festoons. Malaria here holds potent sway, and woe to any one, not "to the manner born," who may have to pass a night in these deadly fastnesses.

In these swamps runaway negroes were wont to hide themselves from their masters, and during the war scouts and guerrilla parties found ample cover in these close retreats. A gentleman who visited a Confederate command in one of these thickets describes it as well quartered in an immense lodge, built of the canes, with doors and numerous windows. The brake had been leveled for many rods around, forming a dry and compact flooring, and every precaution had been made to avoid surprise.

Our picture on page 684 represents the capture of a bear, which, having been too particular in his visits to a neighboring plantation, had contracted the ill-will of the owner, and was hunted

"OUR FRITZ" VISITING THE WOUNDED.

down by a detachment of the hands detailed for the purpose. These tracked the festive Bruin to his lair in the dense cane-brake, and there, with the aid of all the dogs in the vicinity, surrounded his bearship, and put an end to his marauding.

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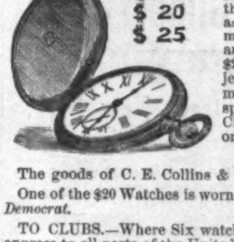

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